

ROLLING STONE

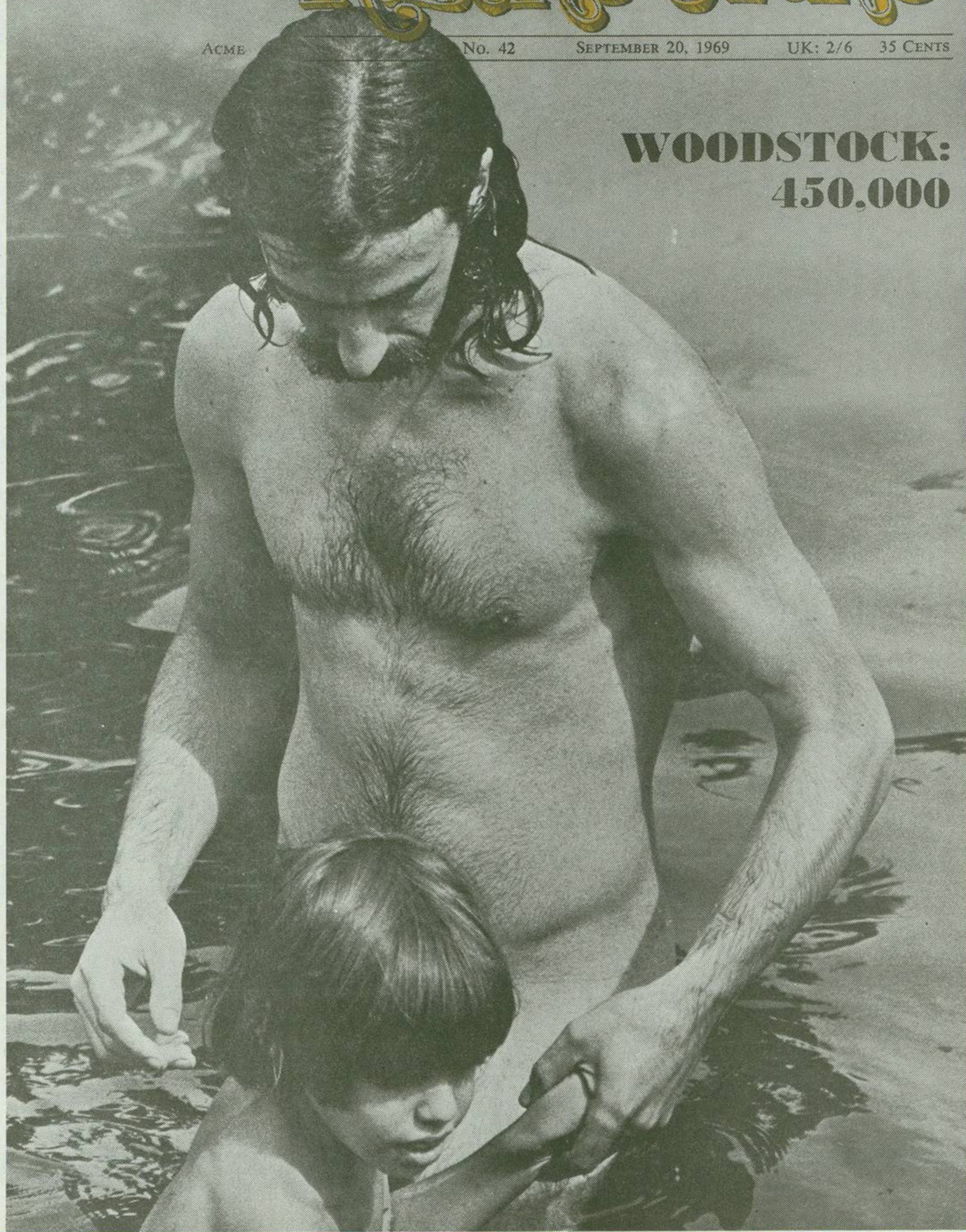
ACME

No. 42

SEPTEMBER 20, 1969

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

**WOODSTOCK:
450,000**



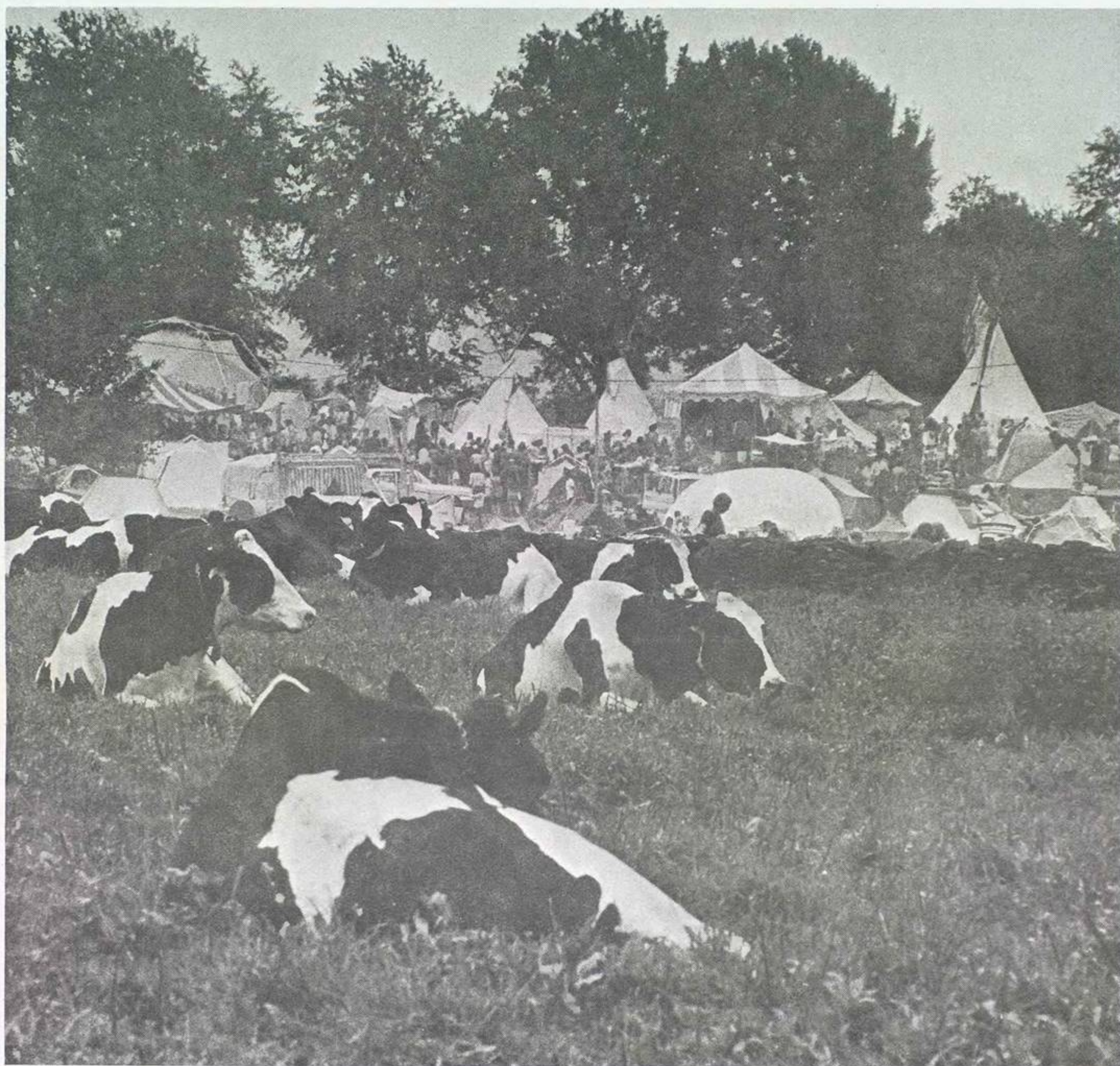
BARON WOLMAN

ROLLING STONE

'All the News
That Fits'

No. 42
SEPTEMBER 20, 1969

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'IT WAS LIKE BALLING FOR THE FIRST TIME'

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. — Chicago was only the labor pains. With a joyous three-day shriek, the inheritors of the earth came to life in an alfalfa field outside the village of Bethel, New York. Slapping the spark of life into the newborn was American rock and roll music provided by the Woodstock Music and Art Fair.

And Dylan's Mr. Jones, who has, indeed, been aware of what is happening, but has preferred to denounce the immorality of fucking around with his values, is now forced to acknowledge both the birth and its legitimacy.

The New York Times, which had given the story front-page coverage for three days running, thundered on its editorial page the Monday-after that it was "an outrageous episode" and demanded to know "what kind of culture it is that can produce so colossal a mess?" But, in a reversal astounding for that Establishment journal, a second editorial Tuesday sheepishly allowed that the gathering was "essentially a phenomenon of innocence . . . they came, it seems, to enjoy their own society, to

exult in a life style that is its own declaration of independence . . . with Henry the Fifth, they could say at Bethel, 'He that outlives this day, and comes safe home, will stand a-tiptoe when this day is nam'd.'"

Crusty, elderly Ted Lewis, in his political column in the sensation-mongering New York Daily News, wrote with wonder that for the army that took Bethel it was "a chance, perhaps, to express their emotional outlook on life which society fails to understand . . . if music makes them one, some day a 'cause' will do the same, as the politicians well know as they face up to the elections in the next decade."

Forty-nine-year-old Dairy Farmer Max Yasgur, who provided, for \$50,000, the 600 acres that were the site of the fair, summed it up most succinctly when he came on stage Sunday afternoon. His voice breaking, he told the mass billowing out into the horizon before him: "I don't know how to speak to 20 people, much less all of you . . . you are the largest group of people ever assembled in one place at one time . . . we had no idea there would be this

many . . . and you have proven something to the world . . . that half a million kids can get together for fun and music and have nothing but fun and music."

The monstrous crowd before him, an impressionistic pointilistic painting by Seurat, cheered him poignantly, acknowledging his overwhelmed understanding of the potent beauty it had forced into being.

Out of the mud and hunger and thirst, despite the rain and the end-of-the-world traffic jams, beyond the bad dope trips and the garish confusion, a new nation had emerged into the glare provided by the open-mouthed media.

Aging liberal pundit Max Lerner asked in the New York Post: "What is an 'event' in social and generational history? If it is something that marks a turning point in the consciousness generations have of each other and of themselves, then the weekend festival at Max Yasgur's vast meadow at Bethel, N.Y., was an important event . . . the historians will have to reckon with it . . . these young revolutionaries are on their way . . . to slough away the life-style

that isn't theirs . . . and find one that is."

Nine days after the passing of the ABM bill by the United States Senate, an act bringing total destruction that much closer to being one man's temperamental reality, an army of peaceful guerrillas established a city larger than Rochester, N.Y., and showed itself imminently ready to turn back on the already ravaged cities and their inoperable "life-styles," imminently prepared to move onto the mist-covered fields and into the cool, still woods.

"It was like balling for the first time," said one campaigner, her voice shredded, her mind a tapioca of drugs. "Once you've done it, you want to do it again and again, because it's so great."

And they will do it again, the threads of youthful dissidence in Paris and Prague and Fort Lauderdale and Berkeley and Chicago and London criss-crossing ever more closely until the map of the world we live in is viable for and visible to all of those that are part of it and all of those buried under it.

—Continued on Page 20

MOBIUS

—flowing, eternal—

It is beginning without end, end without beginning.

Don Dunn and Tony McCashen long have created music for others
and now—at last—create it for themselves. . . .

This new album is their music, which is their life, which is their music.

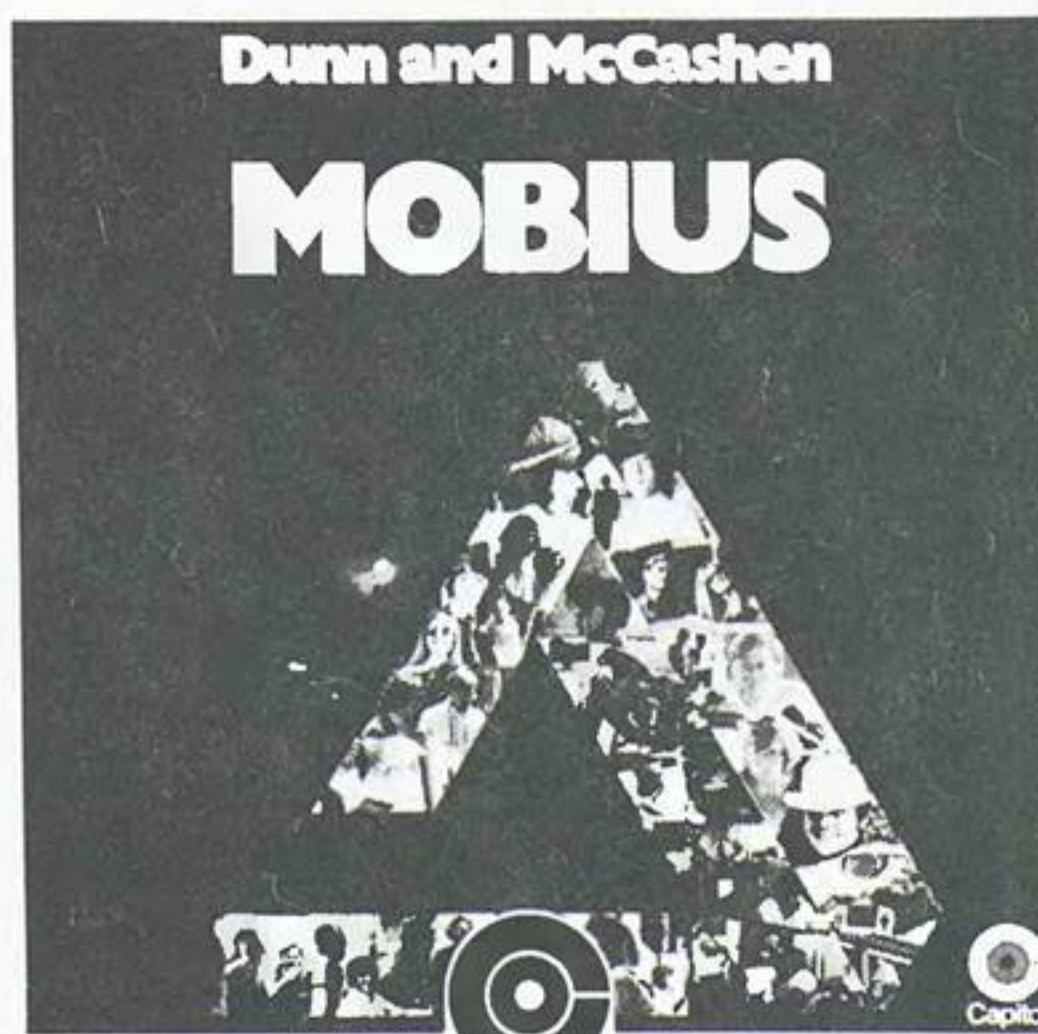


DUNN ON McCASHEN:

"Indiana is as good a beginning as any, and there have been a few. Simplicity begins there too. I mean the plainness of complication, the eagerness of a lazy day in the sun . . ."

McCASHEN ON DUNN:

"His reflections are of all designs and shades . . . at times so bright I'd have sworn he had caught the sun sleeping and stole it away in his pencil."



ON RECORD Capitol ON TAPES



PETE SANDERS

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I produced in England for three and a half years a weekly pop TV show called *Ready, Steady, Go!* You may have heard of it as it had quite a high reputation and launched a lot of, at that time, non-chart names, such as Donovan, Herman's Hermits, the Who, the Animals, etc., etc., in addition to featuring a lot of R&B, underground and very new names, and doing "specials" on such artists as the Rolling Stones, James Brown, Otis Redding, Ike & Tina Turner, etc.

I'm now involved in several TV projects, the most imminent is a concise pictorial history of rock and roll. This will be an entertainment documentary, will probably be one initial "special" (60 to 90 minutes) and then a series of, probably, six one-hours. It will contain a great many of the "old" names "live"—I hope, people like Little Richard, the Everly Brothers, Jerry Lee Lewis, etc. and as much film as possible of how those type of names were then and of people who, of course, aren't around like Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly, Richie Valens, Big Bopper and so on.

So what I'm immediately looking for is film (professional or amateur) on any rock and roll artist, particularly those popular between 1951 and, say, 1964, any fan scrapbooks, stills, posters, souvenir programs of Alan Freed/Murray the K, etc., rock shows, film of local dances, hops, local rock shows and tape of any private interviews with applicable artists. I will, of course, take great care of anything anyone can loan me and will pay for anything we use. I can be contacted c/o Suite 206, 6515 Sunset Boulevard and the telephone number is (213) 462-3231.

VICKI H. WICKHAM
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

I liked the interview with me very much and there was only one misquote which I'd like to fix since I'm sure you

only like to print truths or thereabouts. The quote said that I didn't think the work of Wallace Berman was any good, whereas I've always thought his work was immensely interesting and beautiful since I saw the first one and it was a shock to see that I thought otherwise in print.

EVE BABITZ
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Thank you for effectively shitting on what little scene Boston has. By publishing your 16 Magazine style article on the Wild Thing you have glorified a bunch of freaks who are locally known as the best animated record player available for your local gin mill. They are noted for their stunning note-for-note rendition of Vanilla Fudge's "You Keep Me Hangin' On."

Why publicize such an obviously dumb group when there is far more deserving talent in Boston of a much higher intellectual and musical level? It's bad enough that the good groups have to travel at least 50 miles to play or get stuck in some Mafia-owned dive and play "Midnight Hour" and "Mickey's Monkey" for six hours straight. There is a scene here and it consists of singer-songwriters, who work the folk scene for \$20 a night, and a few bands who play original material and as a consequence don't work, or work for practically nothing.

NICK FRAWLEY
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

SIRS:

ROLLING STONE may now disband. The Grateful Dead have finally been captured in print. Thank you.

DAVID STRACHAN
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Just read Edmund O. Ward's review of the George Harrison album, *Electronic Music*, with great amusement. A little truth on the matter might shed

some light as to how it all came about.

One November morning at three AM last year, we were finishing up tracks with Moog on the Jackie Lomax record. The location was Armin Steiner's studio, Sound Recorders in Hollywood. I was playing Moog. Harrison was producing. After the session, he asked me if I would stay a while longer to show him how to patch some things and groove a bit. He also asked the engineer to run the 3M 8-track in the booth.

Next scene: London, last February, Harrison's home. He had invited me there to show him how to work his newly acquired instrument (Moog). He paid me for my transportation but when I got there, I found that he would not pay for my time, asking me if I thought I was Jimi Hendrix or something. He told me to trust him because he was a Beatle.

He then played me a tape which I vaguely remembered. When I asked where it came from or where I had heard it, he told me that it was something he had done in Hollywood and that he was putting it out on an LP. I asked him if he thought it was fair that I wasn't asked to share in the disc credits and royalties. His answer, again, was to trust him, that I shouldn't come on like Marlon Brando, that my name alone on the album would do "your career good," and that if the album sold, he would give me "a couple of quid."

I haven't billed him yet. I hope those who buy the album notice the front cover. Under "Produced by Geo. Harrison," you will find my name silvered over. I am frankly hurt and a bit disillusioned by the whole thing.

BERNARD L. KRAUSE
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

Greil Marcus has truly captured the essence of Brian Jones in your August 9 issue. (Thanks for dedicating space to Jones, by the way. Never have so many forgotten so fast). I am not a Stones

fan. Never have been. But, while living in Rome painting and showing in various galleries, I gathered indelible memories of that "true rake." Full length mink, floppy purple hat, frightening pallor, Garbo ways, Brian Jones was a fur lined St. George slaying the dragon of anti-conformist conformism with a sword of beguiling sick-innocent coherence. And coherence was his trademark.

As Greil Marcus pointed out so well, one felt Jones was indeed the only true Stone. But there was more to the man than just an outward display of inner convictions. Though we exchanged few words during his Rome visits (we both frequented The Piper, a huge club where I found models for my drawings and Jones sat listening to the music, usually with Mick Jagger or Keith Richards). I sensed a great sensitivity, a gentleness. Brian seemed to care about total strangers, want to make them feel comfortable, want to get through to them and vice-versa. I don't think I'll forget Brian Jones very soon, certainly not before the other Stones fade from recollection. Brian Jones was ugly in many ways (not physically but deep within) yet there was a personal beauty I'm still at a loss to quite comprehend or define. Bafflement is caused almost always by complexity. He was tremendously complex. I'm deeply grieved he lived not long enough to find an answer.

STELLA AMFITHEATROF
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

So Dylan's going to play on the Isle of Wight. Recall in 1966 (not 1965) at his second-last concert in the Albert Hall he spoke to the audience twice. Once to say, "People ask me what my songs mean. My songs are meaningless. They don't mean nothin'." And then later, "I ain't never comin' back to England."

He was so much older then.

PEL RAYNER
SAN FRANCISCO

ROLLING STONE

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How does your cannabis grow? Dr. Pearl Weinberger, a biology researcher at the University of Ottawa, has found that corn, cucumbers, peas and oats "grew quite definitely taller, stronger, and leafier when recorded folk songs were played to them." Experimental seeds were reared in sound-proofed labs; then folk music was played to some batches while others were left to grow in silence. Results: "The increased growth of those subjected to music was 15 to 20 percent more than those left in silence. The difference was pretty dramatic." The best results, said co-experimenter Robert Klymasz, were obtained with music played by a sopilka, a seven-holed flute popular in the Ukraine. Among the plants' favorite requests: a French-Canadian folk number called "The Oatmeal Song."

I Can See for Inches: WDAS-FM in Philadelphia has begun a campaign to call "theatrical attention" to air pollution in that city. The station is giving away thousands of hygienic face masks, urging people to wear them whenever they appear in the streets. Nearby university scientists and local businessmen have joined to endorse the campaign and help distribute the paper masks. As station Vice President Hy Lit said: "Anyone who has to return to this sludge after a day in the country should be willing to join in." Right, but one question: How're you going to smoke with those goddam masks on?

Videosyncrasies: Once in awhile—one in a long, long while, commercial television's able to fight through its mounds of alluvial shit and expel a breath of fresh air into the nation's millions of 21-inch, living, colored wastelands. A case in point: *The Dick Cavett Show*, aired August 19th on ABC-TV. The producers just about turned the studio over to Jefferson Airplane, Joni Mitchell, David Crosby, Steve Stills, Glenn McKay's Head Lights, and their appointed aides. So the light show was beautiful, but there was no overkill; the audio was well-mixed, and if you listened, you could hear the Airplane wailing "Up against the wall, motherfucker," followed by a sweet, smug smile from Marty Balin. The entire party, all obviously stoned, engaged in breezy rap session with out-of-it but easy-going host Cavett. Near the end the semi-circle-seated audience, many of them just in from the Woodstock Festival, got up to dance while Crosby and Stills joined the Airplane in a jam, and the cameras caught it all. Sixty minutes to embrace and treasure.

Metromedia's underground arm in New York, WNEW-FM, has banned "I Wanna Little Schoolgirl," one of the tracks in the new Ten Years After LP, from airplay. The tune, an old Sonny Boy Williamson composition, is considered "offensive" by the pseudo-heads at WNEW because of the line, "Schoolgirl, I wanna ball you." Sonny Boy Williamson rated "X"? Wheh! . . . Meanwhile, Metromedia's underground tentacle in San Francisco, KSAN-FM, has latched onto Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, whose "Dr. Hip Pocrates" column appears in 20 underground papers. Besides his twice-daily, no-hangups-barred program on KSAN, he's added onto his list of newspapers the San Francisco Chronicle, the country's only dope and sex daily. There, his verbiage is noticeably edited, but his cock-sure views on such issues as sexual freedom and the harmlessness of dope are still intact—and he has a million or so more readers.

Random Notes



More tie-ins between the Airplane and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young: Graham Nash was out for nearly a month—beginning in early July—with throat troubles—blister nodules on his vocal cords; he was treated by the same physician who smoothed down Grace Slick's cords early this year. Nash went through three weeks of enforced silence, then re-joined his colleagues for triumphant gigs at Woodstock and in Chicago. Next up, a September 6th free concert in Hyde Park; completion of their second album beginning September 8th (four tracks are done already); a September 19th-20th-21st engagement at Fillmore East, and a three-nighter at Fillmore West October 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.

The News That Fits: Donovan will tour the U.S. from September 17th through November 8th. He'll barabagal through colleges and one-night concert hall stands on his seven-week trip. . . . Noel Redding's band, Fat Mattress, has an LP due out on Polydor this month and is already at work on a second LP. Drummer Mitch Mitchell is staying with the expanded Jimi Hendrix Experience now, after all the talk about his taking a hike. Hendrix's troupe includes a

rhythm guitar, bass, flute, and bongoes, along with Jimi. . . . Canned Heat's guitarist Henry Vestine wasn't dumped from the group, as reported. He'd been planning to leave for months—to go into a jazzier new band of his own—and the on-stage brouhaha at the Fillmore East merely precipitated his exit. . . . And, noted in an August issue of *Variety*, an in-performance review of Herman's Hermits in Windsor, Canada, Ontario, Canada, placed under "New Acts." Ah, well. . . .

Psychic phenomena: So Canned Heat has an LP out called *Hallelujah*. . . . and Lou Adler's interpreted Dylan as gospel. . . . and the Edwin ("Oh Happy Day") Hawkins Singers have a million-seller under their biblical belts, and even Frankie Laine, for Chrissakes, came out with a number called "Dammit Isn't God's Last Name." So what was it that H. A. Haffner wrote in his column of predictions in ROLLING STONE last January? Something like, "the 'Kristianity Kick,' as it will be called by the trade journals, will take the rock world by storm," and "Canned Heat's fourth album, *Yassuh Boss*, will feature blues versions of songs made famous by Al

Jolson and a medley of Stephen Foster hits." But relief is near for those of us who're tired of genuflecting to a 4/4 beat: Haffner's final prediction was: "The 'Kristianity Kick' will begin to peter out around Christmas of '69 when the Rolling Stones will announce their conversion to Judaism."

Harry Nilsson, once known as the Beatles' favorite singer-songwriter, has just finished composing the music for 13 episodes of a situation comedy set for a fall debut on ABC-TV.

"I dug it, I really did," Nilsson said of *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*. "Nobody touches this area. They put it down rather than get in there and try to change things."

What Nilsson said he did, with his arranger-conductor George Tipson, was provide "vocalization of the action seen on the screen." In other words, when someone drops an egg, the slip-whoops-plop of the egg falling and landing is not merely accompanied by instrumental music, but by three-part harmony as well.

The show, which sounds in its concept like another variation of *My Three Sons*, will be broadcast Wednesday nights at 8.

Other current projects of Nilsson's include producing a comedian named Bill Martin (described as a "cross between Will Rogers and Lenny Bruce") and a vocalist, Randy Marr. He has also recently released his third album for RCA, *Harry*.

Mark Volman, largest of the Turtles, has announced his group is forming its own record company, probably to be distributed through White Whale, the label the band's recorded for the past three years. They're calling the new company Blimp Records.

Talk about a little help from friends. Martha Velez' first LP, *Fiends and Angels*, besides showing off an expressive new soul/blues voice, shows off her ability to gather good musicians around her in the studio. People like Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Mitch Mitchell, Jim Capaldi, Chris Wood, Brian Auger, Keef Hartley, and members of Free, Terry Reid Group, and Chicken Shack, and John Mayall, among others. Most of the album was recorded in West Hampstead, London. . . . Meanwhile, Briton Joe Cocker is in L.A. wrapping up his second LP at A&M studios. It'll include "Dear Landlord," "Bird on the Wire," and a melodic George Harrison composition called "Something." . . . Bassist Chris Ethridge has left the Flying Burrito Brothers; Burrito Chris Hillman will double on bass for the time being. . . . Ex-Animal Vic Briggs has turned to producing, his first effort being a soft-folk act called T. S. Bonniwell, formerly part of the Music Machine that did the 1966 hit, "Talk Talk." . . . And ex-Charlatan Richard Olsen has joined Pacific High studios in San Francisco as a staff producer. He'll work with new bands producing demos under Peter Weston's new cut-rate package for tyro artists.

Yep, Pat Boone and his old lady Shirley's heads have sure changed. White-bucks' next film role will be that of a minister in a "comedy western" called *Cross and the Switchblade*. But before that's finished, he has a September 12th gig at Billy Graham's International Youth Congress, Graham having been impressed by Shirley. "You're the only astronaut whose autograph I want," she gushed at him recently. "But I'm not an astronaut." "Yes, you are. You're trying to get us all into the heavens!" Huh. . . .

We thought the liner notes for Arif Mardin's new album were so compelling that we would have used them even if they had not been written by our Executive Vice President.

ARIF MARDIN?

Arif Mardin was discovered lurking behind a National guitar in the storage room of Fame Recording Studios in Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Swathed to the occipital in a Galanos burnoose, the crafty Levantine maintained that he was merely resting on the last leg of a hadj to luka, Mississippi—a devoir committed before his birth by a hebephrenic hamal on his maternal side as an offering to Allah to prevent General Allenby from obtaining a certain historical strategic objective. "Check the third bar of letter B; the dobro is playing F natural while the Leslie is in reverse," he hissed uncontrollably at Tom Dowd, who was gallantly "producing" a Wilson Pickett session while "executive" Jerry Wexler was wasting a Brunswick stew at Singleton's. In a trice the surly Seljuk was roused into service and was soon writing horn parts which were to elicit barely disguised smirks from the ilk of Wayne Jackson and Bowlegs Miller, the millionaire Memphis musicians who are still gigging for laughs.

Dissolve to Atlantic studios, New York: "Memphis sound, my tookus," Felix Cavaliere was saying at a midnight overdub session to the cowering Turk. "I want seven trumpets in seven-part harmony against moving cellos with a counter melody in the violins."

"Sure enough, Italian cap'n," Arif say. His penchant for mollification was already honing to its keenest edge. The keepers were watching him closely; in another month they would throw him in with Lew Futterman or Charlie Greene.

MONTAGE:

Night school classes in civics, bop-talk for new citizens, old Charlie Ventura licks, farmed-out scores for BMI dinners, miles of leader tape, Solomon Burke changes, spoiled acetates, cheeseburger all in the laders, drugstore coffee in the console, Nesuhi upside your head, upstairs studio Atlantic, downstairs studio Atlantic, Chips' studio Memphis, Stax Memphis, Rick Hall's Fame studios Muscle Shoals, Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, idiot TV "arrangers," Lincoln Center grief, jazz dates, pop dates, r&b dates. And that's some of it.

What, then, is an Arif Mardin, this cryptic locution that has been appearing with baffling regularity on labels, surveys, reviews, ads, and charts?

Well, to us Arif Mardin is our well loved colleague who came here as a music student to the Berklee School of Music in Boston from Turkey in 1958 and who Nesuhi Ertegun brought to the Atlantic studios to be an apprentice editor, quondam leader splicer, and general engineering acolyte. Arif's ambition was to get Diz or Duke to record one of his jazz compositions; both so did, and Nesuhi began to use Arif to supervise jazz dates, then to sketching horn fills.

Incurably exposed, he contracted r&b fever, and he began to work with Atlantic's Tom Dowd and me, arranging and co-producing for Aretha Franklin, Arthur Conley, Wilson Pickett, King Curtis, The Rascals, The Sweet Inspirations, Dusty Springfield, Chér and so many others.

Arif is polite and warm to the point of self-effacing courtliness, and his love and concern shine through. Musicians in studios between 60th Street and Muscle Shoals have the deepest affection for him as a man and limitless regard for his musicianship. He is a terrific session director with intent and thrust, and yet is always exquisitely courteous. All artists with whom he has worked venerate him.

He is 37 at this writing, married, has two young children, is a fine host, adept in wines, soulful in bridge, literate, well educated, urbane, eclectically versed in all music, able to converse with equal facility on 16th century secular song and Tom Coghlin's bass lines alike. He reads, he digs theater and film, painting, he has a wide acquaintance among the diplomatic set (his family name is as famous in Turkey as, let us say, Rockefeller here).

This album has been in his system for a long time. Please to notice the roots: blues, country, early rock, new rock, jazz, and, always, soul. And, to our notion, the brilliant arrangements and their execution do that which is currently much discussed and almost never accomplished: they truly combine rock, blues and jazz in a fully realized way. The groove is always there, the taste impeccable.

The sessions were a deep pleasure for the ineffable Muscle Shoals rhythm section, they told us. They exhibit their tremendous ability and versatility on this eclectically beautiful LP, from the stone funk of *Midnight Walk* to the Eastern rhythms of *How Can I Be Sure*.

Far out Pasha Mardin, we salute you and your too-tight LP, "Glass Onion."

Your picture is on the front.

Your Atlantic People's Scribe,
JERRY WEXLER



ARIF MARDIN
GLASS ONION
Atlantic SD 8222

Also available on 8 track stereo cartridges

'New' Dylan Album Bootlegged in LA

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—More than 2,300 copies of "bootleg" Bob Dylan album are now being sold in Los Angeles in what may be the entertainment industry's first truly hip situation comedy.

The simply-produced package—26 cuts on two plain unmarked discs, called *Great White Wonder*—was made from tapes never before released by Dylan or by his now rather niffed record label, Columbia.

Rather, it was collected, pressed and currently is being marketed by two young Los Angeles residents both of whom have long hair, a moderate case of the shakes (prompted by paranoia) and an amusing story to tell.

Before getting into the trials and tribulations of the city's only visible "bootleggers," some statistics:

Nine of the songs are apparently from the "basement tape" made in the cellar of Dylan's upstate New York home more than 18 months ago, shortly before he went to Nashville to record *John Wesley Harding*. On these, Dylan performs with what later became known as the Band from Big Pink.

Another 16 cuts—12 of them songs, four of them brief rap sessions—are allegedly from a tape made December 22nd, 1961, in a Minneapolis hotel room. All these feature Dylan alone, with an acoustic guitar and harmonica, and if the date is correct, the tape was made before Dylan signed with Columbia.

The final cut, "Living the Blues," was taken direct from the television set when Dylan appeared on the Johnny Cash Show earlier this summer.

Effect of the album's "release" on the local record scene has been phenomenal. Five radio stations—KCBS in Santa Barbara, KNAC in Long Beach, KRLA in Pasadena and KMET-FM and KPCC-FM in Los Angeles—immediately began playing the LP, thereby creating a demand that often far exceeded a shop's limited supply.

The supply line was ragged at best, largely because the two men behind the scheme (a third put up the initial money, they say) are the "exclusive distributors."

Not only that, "We don't have a car of our own," they say. "We have to borrow cars to take the records around."

Distribution has been further hampered by the fact that they will not give their names, addresses or a telephone where they might be reached. This, for what they term "all the obvious reasons."

As a result, shops are charging whatever they think the traffic will bear. The two producers say they are wholesaling the package at \$4.50 each (\$4.25 apiece after the first 50), and shops are asking from \$6.50 up. One store, The Psychedelic Supermarket in Hollywood—its name tells where it's owner is at—was even asking, and getting, \$12.50 for the two-record set.

This last shop also had a sign posted over the record rack which hinted strongly that Dylan himself knew of the release and approved it.

According to amused and displeased spokesmen at Columbia (it depended who you talked to), this was hardly true; although they were aware copies of the basement tape were in circulation, had even been played on the air, they did not have any warning that an LP like this would be marketed.

Columbia Records, contacted by phone, made this statement: "We consider the release of this record an abuse of the integrity of a great artist. By releasing material without the knowledge or approval of Bob Dylan or Columbia Records, the sellers of this record are crassly depriving a great artist of the opportunity to perfect his performances to the point where he believes in their integrity and validity. They are at one time defaming the artist and defrauding his admirers. For these reasons, Columbia Records in cooperation with Bob Dylan's attorneys intends to take all legal steps to stop the distribution and sale of this album."

The two youthful bootlegger/entrepreneurs, meanwhile, continue to troop from shop to shop, wondering what will happen next. Several stores, described by one of the bootleggers as "stone chicken," have refused to carry the LP.

Some objected to the simple packag-



BRUCE ARONSON

ing—a white double sleeve with *Great White Wonder* rubber stamped in the upper righthand corner—they said, while others indicated they were afraid of how Columbia might react.

Those shops carrying the LP seem happy, though, with many reporting the album's arrival has had the same effect on business as a new Beatles or Stones LP might have: Business generally has picked up.

Of all the songs offered in the package, only three had previously been released by Dylan, and all were then in a different form. They are "See That My Grave Is Swept Clean" and "Man of Constant Sorrow," both from his first album for Columbia, *Bob Dylan*, and "Only a Hobo Talkin' Devil," from a Broadside album, *Broadside Ballads, Volume 1, A Handful of Songs About Our Time*, when Dylan was recording as Blind Boy Grunt.

Several other of the songs had been recorded by others, notably the Band, while still others are folk classics, but until this recorded collection appeared in all its unmarked splendor, Dylan versions of the material existed only on "secret" tapes.

Unfortunately, much of the recording quality is poor. (Although it is questionable whether comparisons of this sort can be made fairly when talking about "bootleg" material.) The tracks made with the Band, for example, sound as if run through a paper cup and string.

On other songs, however, the sound reproduction is quite good, and in most of the early material, Dylan even seems to be playing a freer, more imaginative acoustic guitar than he's been heard to pick any time recently.

Getting into specifics, and using the producers' numbering choice (which seems to be arbitrary at best), Side No. 1 contains six songs and two raps, all from the "hotel" or "Minneapolis" tape.

Songs are "Candy Man," "Ramblin' Around," "Hezekiah," "No Home in This World Any More," "Abner Till" and "Lazarus." Some of the titles are, like the numbering of the sides, arbitrary; Dylan was in Europe and not available for assistance in identification.

In the first of the talking cuts on this side, Dylan offers some comment about photographs that had been taken recently—said they made him look like James Dean. While the second rap is about his once stealing a song from Len Chandler. They're both informal, but not very informative.

Side No. 2, the second made from the Minneapolis tape, begins with "Baby, Please Don't Go," then goes into a rap during which Pete Seeger asks Dylan how he writes his songs (the response is a representative Dylan put-on), then into "Dink's Blues" and "See That My Grave Is Swept Clean." Next is a longer rap, titled "East Orange, New Jersey," all about how Dylan once didn't get paid in money, but chess men; it's a variation of a story told by Lee Hays of the Weavers (in which Lee said he got paid in furs) and probably several others as well. The final song on the side is "Man of Constant Sorrow."

Side No. 3 begins with an unfinished solo blues which might be called just that—"Unfinished Blues"—because it ends as abruptly as a San Francisco freeway, in mid-air. Next is "I Think I'll Stay All Night," recorded rather shabbily with the Band and "Only a Hobo Talkin' Devil," recorded alone. The last

'The Great White Wonder' at Edwardsville

three cuts on the side also were recorded with the Band—"Kill Me Alive," "The Mighty Quinn" and "Wheels on Fire."

The first five songs on Side No. 4 are from the basement tape made with the Band—"I Shall Be Released," "Open the Door, Richard," "Too Much of Nothin'," "Take Care of Yourself" and "Tears of Rage." Again, the fidelity is weak. And the final cut is "Living the Blues," the song lifted from the Cash show and the song which, ironically, it is reported Columbia will release as Dylan's next "official" single.

The bootleggers, of course, plan no single releases. They do hint at producing more albums, though—however indefinite their plans may be, "due to existing circumstances." Since issuing this one, they say, they've been approached by a number of people with other "secret" tapes.

In the meantime, they're still struggling with their little "company's" first release and protecting their anonymity.

"What're your names?" I asked.

"Call me Patrick," said the one with the longest hair.

"Call me Vladimir," said the one with the bushiest sideburns.

"How do you spell Vladimir?"

"I don't know, man. Make it Merlin." Why did they do it?

"Bob Dylan is a heavy talent," Patrick said, "and he's got all those songs nobody's ever heard. We thought we'd take it upon ourselves to make this music available."

"Do you know what will happen if you get away with it?" I said. "Why, if John Mayall or anybody opens at the Whisky tonight, there'll be a live recording of it on the stands by the middle of next week."

Patrick and Vladimir/Merlin just grinned.

Dylan's Back Up Comes Up Front

BY JACK HURST

At night the place looks like a garage sitting dimly behind the little gabled house, down a gravel driveway where back porch lights play in Cadillac-and-Lincoln chrome.

But up close one sees the soundproofing on the door, and hears the muffled music inside.

One waits for the song to end, since the men inside could not hear a knock anyway. Suddenly the bare light bulb over the garage door flashes off once, and an elderly lady opens the back door of the nearby house.

"I hated to flash the light with you standing there like that," she said "but that's the way I let them know there's a phone call without bothering them. I'm Wayne's aunt."

Wayne Moss is a young guitar player who built Cinderella Sound Studios in his garage on Cinderella Drive in Madison. The small, unadvertised studio is suddenly the subject of talk in New York and Los Angeles because of a forthcoming \$50,000 album.

Moss was one of 10 well-known Nashville studio musicians who made the music on it, and because its New York

co-producer has been an associate of Bob Dylan—and because two of the nine Nashvillians currently play for Dylan's recording sessions here—the production of a curious album called *Area Code 615* has attracted attention.

As one stands there under the bare bulb at the door of the garage, another limousine pulls jerkily into the dark driveway. The brakes were applied hard. Then a man with long hair and glasses got out slowly, sadly.

"I got a roast beef sandwich ail over the upholstery," said Dave Sweeney. "I misjudged the driveway coming in."

Sweeney, who works for Polydor Records, led the way inside the garage where the New Yorker, Elliott Mazer, sat at the control board producing the last cut of a session for a singer named Jake Holmes.

Mazer's blue-collar work shirt was unbuttoned all the way down the front and his T-shirt was showing a hard day's work. Sitting on the other side of the control room, smoking cigarettes and listening to Holmes cut, were Moss and Ken Buttrey, the drummer who is a Nashville studio legend at the age of 24. Buttrey and 615 harmonica player Charlie McCoy are well-known members of Dylan's Nashville studio band.

A formal announcement of the scope and genius of the Nashville Sound, the new album is the collective achievement of Buttrey, Mazer, McCoy, Moss and six other men who have become close friends in a decade of music-making in Nashville studios and honky-tonks. In alphabetical order, 615 includes: David Briggs, piano; Buttrey, drummer and co-producer; Mac Gayden, lead guitar; Mazer, co-producer, engineer and player of the organ on one song; Moss, bass, guitar and dobro; Weldon Myrick, steel guitar; McCoy, harmonica and bass; Norbert Putnam, bass and organ; Buddy Spiker, fiddle; and Bobby Thompson, banjo and gut-string guitar.

What they have tried to do, Mazer said, is to do an album "half and half," half rhythm and blues and half country, with the organ and drums on one side in every song and the banjo, steel, fiddle and dobro on the other, with the guitars as sort of the middle men.

Among the tracks on Side Two: "30-Second Crazy Arms-Get Back Medley," a mixture of the old country tune with the Beatles' song; "Classical Gas," a five-string banjo solo by Thompson; and "Just Like a Woman," with Wayne Moss on all the lead instruments: bass, guitar, and dobro. Side One has more Beatles' material: "Hey, Jude" with steel guitar, fiddle, and heavy Buttrey drums, and "Lady Madonna," along with Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long," moving from weepy-fiddle slow to raunchy bluegrass.

Mazer said the album will be released by Polydor in "about a week and a half." If it successful, he said, the group probably will play limited engagements on the West Coast and elsewhere.

He and Myrick and Buttrey and Moss walked out into the dark gravel driveway after a while. Mazer, the New Yorker, was exuding praise for Moss' tiny, incognito studio. He frequently produces recordings there.

"It's not like downtown," somebody said.

"Oh, no," said Mazer, lifting his head and inhaling the night breeze. "It's like an island."



The Word: **LOVE** no explanation needed.
The Picture: Arthur Lee and friends.
The Music: **LOVE** lovers rejoice. New lovers join.
That's it. Words, pictures, music.

LOVE Four Sail on



PRODUCED BY ARTHUR LEE
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Beatles Get Back, Track by Track

LONDON—The Beatles' *Get Back* album, now set for a December release in the U.S., is a model of simplicity—in concept, music, philosophy, and politics.

Regression appears to be one main theme for this album, beginning with the cover photo. The Beatles are posed at the offices of EMI records in Manchester Square, grouped over the staircase, just as they were for their first English album, *Please Please Me*, in 1963. The photograph is by Angus McBean, who took the original cover photo six years ago. And the first song on the album, "One After 909," is a 1959 Lennon-McCartney composition, written when the Beatles were still the Quarrymen roaming around Liverpool.

On the technical side of the music, the Beatles for the *Get Back* package are by themselves: No 40-piece orchestra, no special electronic effects—not even over-dubbing of instruments. There is no Eastern or Indian instrument for George, no vocal for Ringo, no peace-in plug for John. The only non-Beatle on the record is keyboard man Billy Preston. The LP, engineered by Glyn Johns, was recorded in Apple's new studios in the basement at 3 Saville Row, following rehearsals at Twickenham.

Beatles: Get Back is a noticeably informal album, looser than *The Beatles*; freer, in fact, than any record the group has ever made. In a phrase, they kick out the jams. The reason is in the rehearsals. There, all composing was completed and arrangements worked out for songs, to that at Apple, there were no last-minute patchup jobs and changes on tunes. At Apple, in fact, the Beatles literally ran through the entire album, so that the results simulate a recorded concert or a bugged rehearsal session. Between songs, the Beatles are heard discussing upcoming numbers, criticizing their work in progress, and shouting comments up to Johns. Other sounds and voices heard between cuts are those of the film crew who made a movie of the Beatles working, both at Twickenham and at Saville Row. The film and the LP, along with an impressive book of session photos and reportage, will be released together in December.

Eleven songs, including "Get Back" and "Don't Let Me Down," make up the LP, with a short reprise of the "Get

Back" theme at the end of the second side. Mini-jams serve as bridges between several numbers. One is a John and Paul rendition of the Drifters' "Save the Last Dance for Me," the other a Mersey Beat hoedown called "Maggie May."

Track by track, the Beatles "Get Back" this way:

[SIDE ONE]

1. "One After 909"—One of the five numbers recorded on Apple's rooftop (and the only one included on the album), this ten-year-old composition ("One of the first songs we ever wrote," says Paul) opens with a piano-run, guitar chorded false start. Then, with Harrison on lead guitar, Lennon and McCartney handling the vocals and with screaming Paul on lead, it is—how you say—a rave-up. The lyrics:

My baby said she's traveling on the one after 909
Move over honey, I'm traveling on that line
Move over once, move over twice
Come on baby don't be cold as ice
Said she's traveling on the one after 909 . . .
Pick up your bag, run to the station
Railman said you've got the wrong location
Pick up your bag, run right home
Then you will find you got the number wrong.

Light applause—mostly from Ringo's wife Maureen (for which she gets thanks from Paul)—then into the "Save the Last Dance" bridge. The short John-Paul duet is cut short; they chat, and John says "Give me the courage to come screaming in." He does, on—

2. "Don't Let Me Down"—The LP version includes Paul helping on the vocals and the same instrumental lineup as on "909"—Lennon on rhythm, Harrison on lead guitar. Preston is not on tap this time around.

3. "Dig a Pony"—John on lead again, with electric piano from Preston and rim shots from Ringo. The song is tinted by blues but is the first non-romance number on the LP. The theme: You can do anything you want to so long as you put your mind to it. In other words, you can work it out (to the point, even, that you could dig a pony). Random comments follow, and Ringo slams a cymbal, plowing into

4. "I've Got a Feeling"—Another screaming McCartney effort with answer lines from Lennon who does a verse, screws up, and mutters, barely audibly: "I cocked it up trying to get

loud." Ringo again ties successive numbers together with a thump on his tomtoms and a question: "What does that sound like?"

5. "Get Back"—The theme stated. John is on lead; Preston on piano. This is the version released as a single.

[SIDE TWO]

1. "For You Blue"—George wrote it and sings it, playing a soft acoustic guitar and backed by John on steel and Paul on piano. No bass. "For You Blue" is a love song about that one chick you know is out there—the one you think and dream about, the one who haunts you—and the one you never quite got to meet. Some nice bits of music, done the blue jay way.

2. "Teddy Boy"—A weird number, the story being about a mother comforting her boy, saying I'll see you through. The message: We all need someone to turn to. All you need is people. "Teddy Boy" then moves into an outright hay-kicking square dance tempo, including calls. George's guitar causes some feedback, and it's kept in for posterity. John handles acoustic, and Paul sings. Again, no bass.

3. "Two of Us on Our Way Home"—The theme restated. Two of us riding nowhere, lazily, with hazy memories in our heads, heading back home. Lennon and McCartney harmonize on this easy-paced almost waltzy number, with bass affected by George on rhythm guitar.

. . . On our way back home.
You and I have memories
Longer than the road that stretches out of hand . . .

Paul the MC: "So we leave the little town of London, England . . ." and the group pours it on, getting back to their Liverpool days for "Maggie May." This bridge sets the pace for the next cut.

4. "Dig It"—Now Lennon's on bass for the rest of the side. McCartney is on the piano, with George back to acoustic guitar. A loose number, Paul singing and gospel John shouting encouragement: "I can hardly keep my hands still!" George joins in to chat it up with John. "Dig It" dips into politics but oh so gently: You can't really knock anything—BBC or Doris Day (or Richard Nixon, cops, or Al Capp), anything—because somebody can "dig it" even if you don't happen to.

5. "Let It Be"—As pretty and simple as the title makes it sound. Paul, singing like he did yesterday on "Yesterday," backs himself on piano, with Paul and John harmonizing behind him. George is on a Lesley-amplified guitar, so that his picking comes out like organ-play-

ing. The lyric message: When all the heart-broken people living in the world agree, there'll be an answer, a final solution: Let it be.

6. "The Long and Winding Road"—McCartney wraps it up with another piano-dominated ballad meshed with the "Get Back" mini-encore. Here, he is singing to a girl who has left him standing, crying. "You'll never know the ways I've tried," he says, so don't leave me stranded; lead me down the long and winding road back to your door.

There's more—but not on *Get Back*. With a 160-page book full of words and color photos on the recording sessions to be packaged with the LP, the Beatles decided against another double-record set. Finished pieces in the can could make up an incredible separate album. Included are old gold pieces like "Shake Rattle and Roll" and "Blue Suede Shoes," along with a re-make of a Beatles oldie-but, "Love Me Do." Ringo has a vocal among the dozen or so other numbers stashed away. His composition—shades of *Candy*—is called "Octopus's Garden."

All of this will out eventually, but exactly when is uncertain. The Beatles are reportedly working on yet another LP to be released before the film, book, and *Get Back* package, which was finished at the end of May (with the cutting of "One After 909").

The Beatles have gotten back and they're more obviously together than they've seemed in a long time.

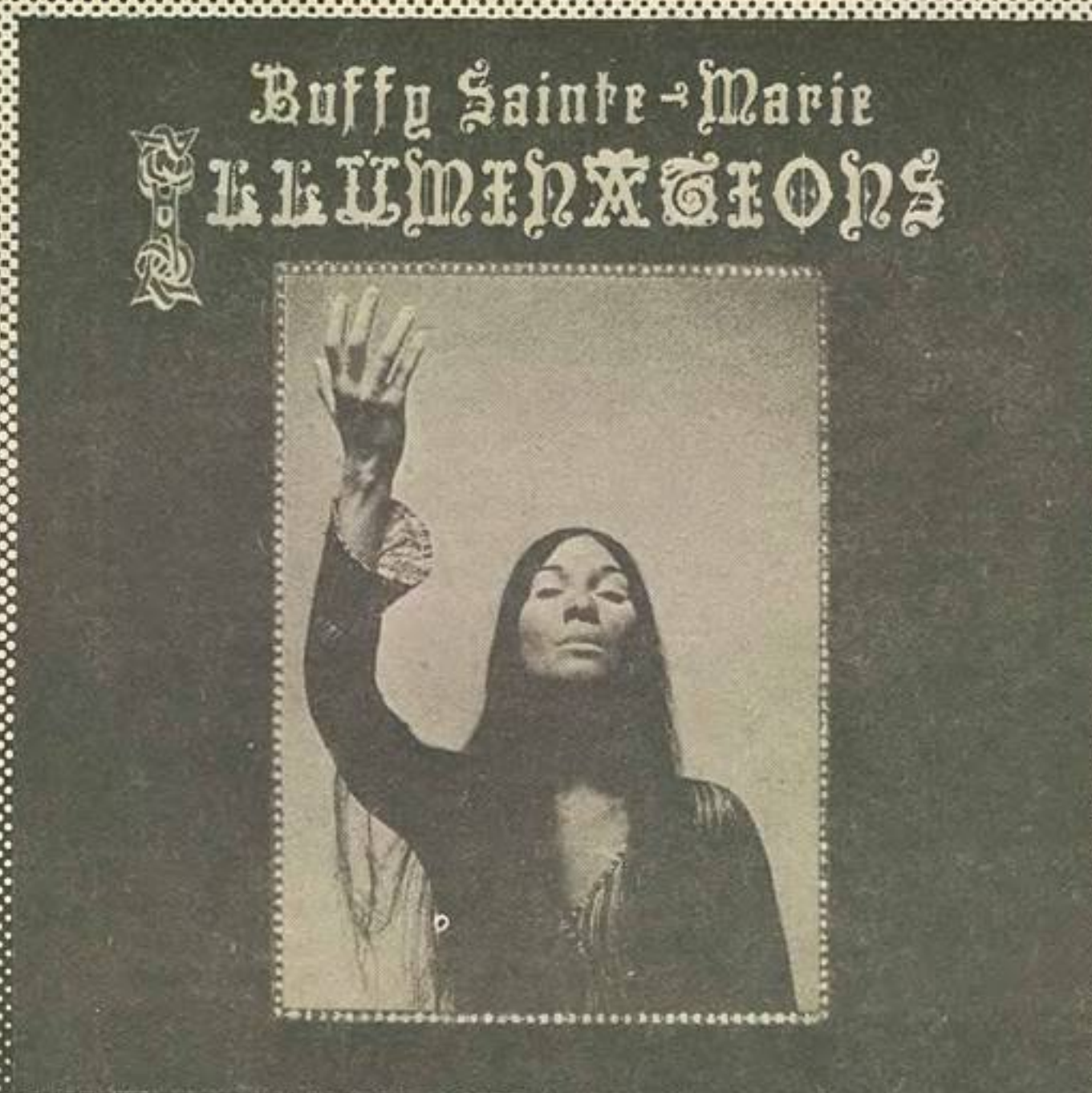
John and Yoko On a Peace Cruise

LONDON—John and Yoko Lennon's plan to conduct their next peace effort from a private radio ship in the Mediterranean. Their hopeful audience will be countries of the Middle East.

The broadcasting ship is controlled by a Tel Aviv restaurateur, Abie Nathan who had tried several "peace flights" to Egypt and elsewhere, with no success. He met with Lennon August 21st in London to work out plans.

According to Lennon, "Yoko and I will broadcast live from the ship, and Mr. Nathan is anxious for our song, *Give Peace a Chance*, to be the signature tune of the radio station."

John and Yoko plan to join the ship sometime this month. The ship, a 70-tonner, is in New York.



VANGUARD
RECORDINGS
FOR THE
CONNOISSEUR



From Stud to Star: Ronnie Hawkins

BY RITCHIE YORKE

TORONTO — Ronnie Hawkins, the Arkansas rock and roller now living on a farm near Toronto, has signed a long term contract with Atlantic Records. Hawkins, who was chronicled in a recent issue of *ROLLING STONE*, declined to give details of the deal, but admitted that it was worth six-figures over five years.

Atlantic wasn't the only company bidding for Hawkins' services, not by a long shot. "After the *ROLLING STONE* story came out," Hawkins said, "I was really bombarded with offers. King Records, Capitol, RCA Victor, Paramount. Paramount flew me to Los Angeles and offered me \$300,000 to sign with them."

"But I went with Atlantic because I've always admired the way they operate, and because my producer will be Jerry Wexler himself."

Hawkins will spend a week in Muscle Shoals, starting September 1st, recording his first album with Wexler. The Muscle Shoals rhythm section will be utilized, along with selected members of Hawkins' own group, the Hawks.

Although *ROLLING STONE*'s story on Hawkins may have turned record companies on to his talents, it didn't go down so well in other areas. It has been widely reported that Albert Grossman's office (his clients include the Band, one of Hawkins' former backing groups) were not at all happy about it.

Rumors of both Grossman's and the Band's annoyance at the article prompted Hawkins to call Rick Danko of the Band. "I called to see if he'd put us up if we came to Woodstock, but I never got around to asking about that. He was very cool. It was like we'd lost all contact with one another, like we were on two different levels all of a sudden."

"Rick was sure hot about the article, he said all kinds of things about how bad it was for them, how Albert was upset, and how ah shouldn't do that to them. Hell, man, if someone had said ah had the biggest dick in America ah'd be happier than a dog on heat."

"When we first talked for the story, ah figured that the boys would be real happy about it. It's fun rememberin' old times. Ah only talked about Levon, because ah know Rick Danko and Robbie Robertson are married now and it might upset their wives to recall the wild times we had together."

"Rick told me not to mention their names about anything again. They must want to get a Billy Graham image or something, though that will be pretty hard, ah figure."

"Ah thought the only thing they could complain about was my exaggerating about the length of Levon's peter... but mind you, ah didn't exaggerate too much."

"Ah just can't understand why they would be so uptight. Ah was real upset for a couple of days about it. Ah drank a lot of booze to try to sort it out."

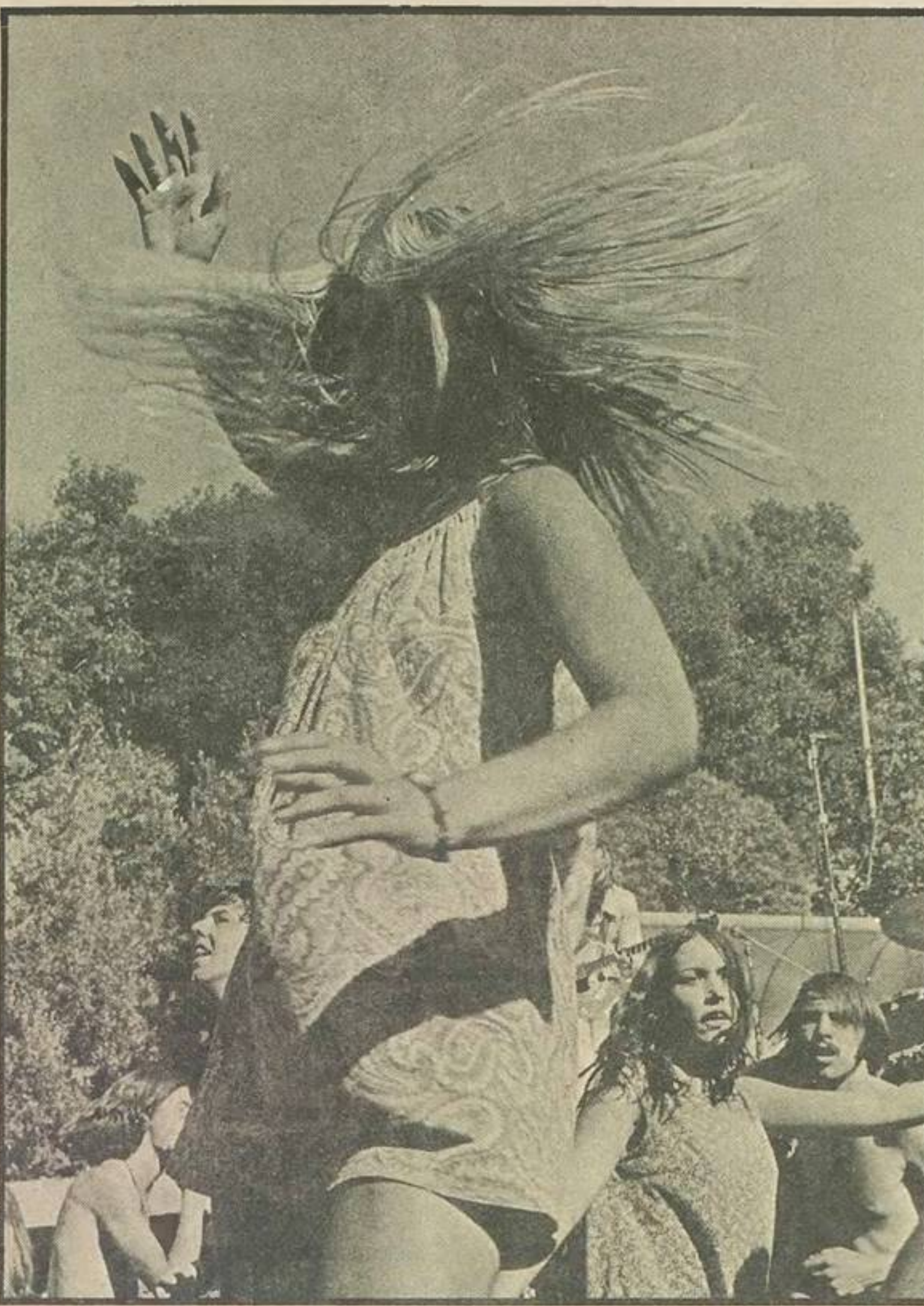
Ronnie faces the possibility of a new career with a mixture of hope and humor. "Ah'm not as good as Ah once was, but Ah'm as good once as Ah ever was."

Journal of Jazz On Texas Nights

BY DON ROTH

AUSTIN, Tex. — A festival here stocked with stars. George Wein's mixed bag of rock-jazz tricks, shipped out from Newport, to Dallas, Houston, and this capital city for three consecutive evenings—The Longhorn Jazz Festival. I don't really dig these indoor marathons—the clash of assorted styles squeezed into an evening or day, the set-time limitations. And little festiveness seemed possible in the announced setting: Austin's mock Astrodome—a poorly-sounded municipal auditorium, where three-fifty rents a folding chair downhill from the stage. But some names are magnets, and one of these is Miles.

Stubby Texas palm trees at auditorium's edge brought back an earlier evening in a Manne hole. While taller, weirder L.A. palms waived upstairs, a mystic cellar night of beajolais and bop introduced me to Miles Davis. Crescent back. Trumpet crying hot with black anger, white hate. And mouth, with horn removed, that echoed this metallic anger and hatred in croaking hoarse words. And now he had come



School days are here again: A benefit for the Midpeninsula Free University of Palo Alto, California, produced one of summer's smaller, lovelier festivals. Staged at the Frost Amphitheater at Stanford University, the benefit featured bands like Sons of Champlin, Cold Blood, and Fritz, drew about 2300 persons, half of whom turned the grassy field into a dance floor during Cold Blood's set.

to play in Texas, a barriered place of black, brown and redneck.

Miles, my magnet, played first and fast—and minus the together feeling that had moved me on other nights. He worked into a set of rock-like riffs that I couldn't (yet) dig, surrounded by new sidemen. White cats in Jack Cassidy vests and specs played string bass and drums at a speed-tempo too rushed to properly back his horn. Miles left amidst confused applause; the evening seemed ended though barely begun.

A black priestess in orange, hair piled like Nefertiti's, bowed grandly to an audience that barely knew her. Thirty four (same as Miles), jazz star for a decade, Nina Simone also has acquired a little help from rock friends. She entranced in the midst of a massive moving ensemble: electric organ, drums, congas, two electric guitars, an amplified bass. Unhailed, lost in a list of more "current" favorites, she had come to Texas to preach and proclaim, in a music of her own making, in jazz.

Nina opened the set with "The Times are A-Changin'." It sounded like the times *must* be a-changin'. The white poet gave the black priestess stark words of warning to her people and his. Her relentless voice, her eyes of unbeaten fury, her piano a weapon against phonies and pharisees, the bitter black woman chuckled and chanted Dylan's song into a battle hymn for an American armageddon. The sermon continued with her own warning words to "Mr. Backlash Man," that he was sure to get the blues.

Suddenly, the congregation that had vaguely cheered Miles' strange new sound, and had rocked a little better with the easy soul jazz of Young-Holt Unlimited, began to really move. White twitches, black fists. The plastic-domed hall now a gospel church—a church of the new tougher gospel of the young Southern Black. Dark fists continued to beat the warm Texas air, and hallelujah shouts echoed the refrain of Nina's parting psalm: a memorial to Lorraine Hansberry's short and beautiful life, "To be Young, Gifted, and Black." As Nina Simone left the stage, vibrations still shattering the once calm crowd, one could really begin to believe again that

the times are a-changin'.

Another story of the same time and place. A story of a black man robed in white, and a white group gowned in black.

B. B. King's music needs not another telling. As with so many blues-men, we, in our musical adolescence, have discovered B.B. in his middle age. Admitting that his art came not so "easy as it used to," Lucille's father and protector began a set full of sly, sad humor:

*I gave you a mansion,
You called it a shack;
I gave you seven children,
Now you want to give them back.*

Young blacks in the audience seemed unmoved by, even hostile towards B.B.'s music. The militancy brought up by Nina's set would not be moved by these songs of good and bad loves. When B.B. spread wide, Caruso-style, at songs' end, he brought the roots-seeking white kids to their feet; yet, alongside this frenzy of white discovery, a tenseness sat in the hall, a black impatience with these (as one black friend put it) "old-fashioned songs." The loud and proud words of Queen Nina, the graceful African chants of Hugh Masekela, the high-headed soul strutting of Young-Holt, these had evoked responses from young, gifted Black Texans. B.B. in white, with his old Count Basie gestures, left them cold and angry.

And then a group of white men brought everybody back together for a time. The Electric Flag, who tried and mostly failed at being an "American Music Band," at least left us a sub-title for Blood, Sweat and Tears. Their music is black-white-brown/rock-jazz-folk-soul-classical: a amalgam of common heritages.

Playing Kooper and post-Kooper numbers ("Is That Any Way?" "The Hobo" "Spinning Wheel"), BS & T moved all over the stage, its four-man brass section doubling on percussion; the rock organ man adding a folk-harp to keep things going; bass, drums, and voice sliding in and out of all the action with the fine timing of the best symphony orchestras. These nine beautiful musicians were ending the evening with a new music, un-

colored, all colors. And everyone out front could feel themselves a part of the creation that flowed outwards from the stage.

FESTIVALS

Toronto will have its first Rock and Roll Revival Saturday, September 13th, headlined by the Doors. The Revival, which is being produced by John Brower and Ken Walker, who were responsible for the Toronto Pop Festival, will be held in Varsity Arena. It will be an all-day affair.

Emcee and guest artist will be Kim Fowley. The complete talent lineup is Jerry Lee Lewis, Gene Vincent, Little Richard, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Chicago Transit Authority, Cat Mother and the All Night News Boys, Jr. Walker and the All Stars, Tony Joe White and Doug Kershaw.

MONTEREY—Buddy Guy, Sly and the Family Stone, and Miles Davis are among the lineup for the 12th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival September 19th through the 21st in the 7000-seat outdoor arena on the County Fairgrounds here. Among others listed: Modern Jazz Quartet, Joe Williams, Thelonius Monk, Tony Williams, the Fourth Way, Sarah Vaughan, Cannonball Adderley, and the Buddy Rich Band. All seats are reserved; you can write P.O. Box JAZZ in Monterey for more information.

BIG SUR, Calif.—The beautiful Big Sur country, home of the Esalen Institute, will be the site of the Big Sur Folk Festival September 13th and 14th. Performers include Joan Baez, John Sebastian, Bonnie and Delaney, Incredible String Band, and Dorothy Morrison ("Oh Happy Day") and the Comb Sisters. Tickets are limited. For more information, call (408) 624-7249. No dogs please.

Jefferson Airplane Flies Free in LA

LOS ANGELES—For the first time in nearly a year, Los Angeles has been the site of an outdoor rock and roll event unmarked by violence—a free concert provided by Jefferson Airplane.

The Airplane is known for giving free concerts and recently the band went to Chicago and performed a "freebie" in Grant Park, where hundreds of protestors bloodied themselves by running their heads into police nightsticks during last summer's Democratic convention. The Airplane concert drew 50,000 people and there were no incidents.

Similarly on July 28th the Airplane and two other San Francisco groups—the Ace of Cups and the Sons of Champlin—drew about 10,000 to the merry-go-round area of Griffith Park, this city's largest.

When the concert was first proposed, the parks commissioners blanched, but it was allowed, finally, when it was promised that advertising and promotion would be kept to a minimum.

After it was all over, Deane C. Nuss, senior supervisor of the cultural affairs division of the Department of Recreation and Parks, wrote a letter of thanks to the Airplane. He said the concert was "highly successful" and he thanked the Airplane for its cooperation.

David Harris Goes To Jail—Noisily

OAKLAND — Draft resistance leader David Harris has begun serving his three-year jail sentence—and he began his incarceration with a rebel-rousing bang.

Harris, husband of Joan Baez and former Stanford student body president, was first place in the San Francisco jail. There, he stirred up a prisoners' demonstration against brutal and inhumane conditions in the jail. He was quickly transferred, on August 4th, to the Alameda county jail in Oakland. From there, he was sent to a Federal prison farm at Stafford, Arizona. Harris will eventually be settled into a Federal penitentiary to serve the bulk of his sentence for draft refusal.

BY RITCHIE YORKE

LOS ANGELES—Kim Fowley, the rock and roll missionary and visionary, lives in a room above a garage in Laguna, Calif., with no sheets on his bed. Timothy Leary lives a stones throw away. Within the music scene, Kim Fowley is a living legend. He has been involved, at some level or another with more groups than Phil Spector, Andrew Loog Oldham and Bob Crewe put together.

If enough people knew of his exploits, Fowley—who's 6 feet five inches tall and claims to be 91 years old—would be more famous—or infamous—than either Morrison or Hendrix.

Take, for instance, his last Los Angeles appearance, which took place at the Cheetah. "I was up on stage," Fowley recalls, "and this chick suddenly leaped up and started giving me a blow job. I thought it was kinda cool so I just kept singing." The fuzz didn't find it too cool though, and Fowley says they closed the Cheetah and prevented him from playing in Los Angeles for 18 months. "Some fans got a petition together for me, and gave it to the Whisky." As a result, Fowley makes his grand return to the Los Angeles stage in September.

The main reason Fowley is not so well known outside the business is probably because most of his greasings (his own word, meaning roughly the same as happenings) have taken place within the control room of the recording studio. Only recently has he succumbed to a need for recognition as a performer, and that came about because of Bob Dylan.

Fowley was born in the Philippines, and his step-grandfather was Rudolph Friml, legendary composer of such schmaltzy classics as "Indian Love Call" and "Rose Marie." His old man played Doc Holliday in TV's *Wyatt Earp* so Kim was steeped in show business tradition at an early age. He remembers: "There was often parties where I was shoved out of my bed because Errol Flynn wanted to screw some broad."

The rock and roll monster drew Kim into its gut in 1957. "I was hanging around when I bumped into this bunch of colored cats at a shoe shine stand. I started tripping out with them to the colored section of Los Angeles to sing in the funky clubs. The guys became the Jay Hawks and they had a hit with 'Stranded in the Jungle.'"

"That same year, I went through the polio thing but it wasn't too bad. In fact, it was a lot of fun. All my Negro friends used to wheel me around in a wheelchair. We'd whip into drugstores and they'd divert the attention of the salesgirl while I copped candy under my blanket."

"At school, my first band included Sandy Nelson on drums and Bruce Johnston on bass. I was the equipment manager because I couldn't play anything."

Hanging around rock people, Fowley soon made connections, though they weren't always the right ones. In the late Fifties, he would spend every night making records (at \$20 a time) for DJ Alan Freed, who would play them on his radio show the following afternoon.

His first big record as a producer was "Nut Rocker," by B. Bumble and the Stingers. "I re-arranged the old thing, got a bunch of friends together in a basement and we cut it on a home tape recorder. Later when it became a hit, I had to put together a group to go on the road. The guys who'd cut the disc were

colored and in those days, you had to be white to make it on the road."

People suddenly wanted Fowley to produce for them, and he got stuck into it. He founded the Indigo label, which clicked with "A Thousand Stars" by Kathy Young and the Innocents, and the Paragons' "Diamonds and Pearls." He was the founder member of the Hollywood Argyles and along with Dallas Frazier, did the lead vocal on "Alley Oop." He jammed with Rochelle and the Candles and the Waiters. He wrote some articles for Dig Magazine, and also worked for Doris Day for a while. He co-produced "Papa-Oo-Mow-Mow" by the Rivingtons and jammed with Dee Clark and B. B. King.

Shortly after the advent of the Beatles, he went to England, the first of two trips which left the Brits positively flabbergasted. That's where I first met him. We both happened to be in the offices of Island Records one afternoon, and Kim was raging about the way his disc, "The Trip," was being banned all over the U. K.

During his two visits to London, he managed to do an amazing amount of gigs. "I was jamming outside the Richmond Athletic Club in London one night—for the queues waiting to get in—and Eric Clapton came out to see what all the noise was about. We became friends, and Eric still says that my "Strangers from the Sky" was his favorite record of 1966. I made some irrelevant records with Jimmy Page [Kim was trying to cash in on the English invasion of the U.S. charts with cover versions and re-works of things like "Don't Fight It" and "You Better Run"], produced the Soft Machine's first album, made a cover version of "They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha Ha," jammed with the Pretty Things and Stevie Nicks in the back of a truck on the way to a Sonny and Cher concert. And along with P. J.

Proby, I helped Judy Garland from the floor of the late Brian Jones' house, after she collapsed.

"I recorded Mick Fleetwood and Ritchie Blackmore (of Deep Purple), let Gary Brooker of Procol Harum sleep on the floor of my Earl's Court pad, acted at P. J. Proby's dance instructor, body guard, confidant and record producer, raised hell and recorded with Keith Moon. I was the first person to record Family, and I gave the Rockin' Berries their first two and only hits. I was also was the first person to record Dave Mason and Jim Capaldi of Traffic. I also let Mickie Most produce me, but he wasn't game to release the tapes."

"I came back to the States and formed Chatahoochee Records and we had a million seller with Murmaids' 'Popsicles and Icicles.' We also cut the first white version of 'Land of a 1,000 Dances' with the Mid-Knights. Then Frank Zappa asked me to join the Mothers which I did for the first album, *Freak Out*."

"I raised hell with Diana Dors, recorded with John Densmore who became the Doors' drummer, and I loaned Van Dyke Parks \$25 and took him into the studio for the first time and made some experimental tapes. I produced some records with Them, also known as the Belfast Gypsies, and launched the Yardbirds in the U.S. as a publicist."

"I produced the first record by Paul Revere and the Raiders at the same time as Mark Lindsay was acting as my chauffeur. The song was called 'Like Long Hair.'"

He then formed the House for Homeless Groups which produced October Country and Steppenwolf. "Steppenwolf paid me \$25 a week for food, lodging and advice. I also wrote the flip side of the Rose Gardens' 'Next Plane to London.' I then co-produced the Clinger Sisters but didn't ball them. I produced and wrote the Seeds' last and only bomb

single. I also wrote some songs for the West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band, and jammed with Al Kooper and an in-crowd dogshit band in a hotel room. I bashed a pencil on a glass and sang."

That was about the time Kim decided to seriously launch his singing career. Dylan was his inspiration. "It was just before Dylan went to England and made *Don't Look Back*. We were at a club and Bob was being intimidated by about 200 groupies and fans who wanted him to sing. He said he didn't want to sing so I raced up and said I'd sing if he'd play. So he played guitar, thought up the subjects and I sang in his voice. He said that he really dug it."

Kim signed with Liberty Records and started work on his first album. During the course of it, he suffered his second heart attack (the first was in the days of "Alley Oop").

He assembled a stack of musicians, including Three Dog Night. "Mars Bonfire was my lead guitarist and Skip [of Skip and Flip and "Cherry Pie" fame] plays bass. Flip is a C & W engineer now, and he also sang on 'Alley Oop.' Both Mars and Skip will be at the Whisky with me in September."

If you heard his album, *Outrageous*, you'd understand why Kim had a heart attack making it. Not only did it feature Fowley coming (with the able assistance of a chick), but it was also one of the first albums including the words "fuck" and "shit."

Following that, Fowley sang on the Wild Man Fisher album and sang in concert with Fraternity of Man ("Don't Bogart That Joint").

His second album, to be released in September, is called *Good Clean Fun*. It's called that because some of the Liberty brass got a little uptight about some of the things that went down in *Outrageous*. "I've been through my changes, and I think *Good Clean Fun* could be acclaimed as an art piece. It captures a lot of essence of the original Mothers. I like Creedence Clearwater and Wilson Pickett better, but who knows?"

"People have trouble understanding and identifying with me. They think I'm an ugly duckling kid who still manages to get lots of birds. I've fucked 7,000 chicks in my career, and I've had the clap five times this year."

Fowley says he's made \$1,300,000 from rock and roll and hasn't spent one cent of it. He lives frugally and is very shrewd on the make. He was responsible for Imperial obtaining the first Johnny Winter album. He makes a few cents on every copy sold.

Kim thinks that rock is about to go through radical change. "Sex appeal is coming back. I mean, how can a 14-year-old cunt identify with guys who have beards and moustaches. To a 14-year-old, they look like old men. I think young guys who look good and play alright are gonna be big again soon. I'm going to Finland at the end of the year to launch the Finnish sound."

"I've seen a lot of changes and a lot of twat in the 12 years I've been into pop. Things sure ain't what they used to be. When the Hollywood Argyles were happening, we were catering for all the ethnic groups. There were five different Argyles working at the one time—one for Negroes, one for Jews, one for Mexicans, one for Italians, and one for white pukes. You had to get to everybody."



ED CARAEFF

Heat Canned In Denver

DENVER, Colo.—John D. Gray, the crusading narcotics detective well-known among the Denver hip community for his pledge to "run the hippies out of town," has been busted—demoted to the rank of patrolman and transferred to patrol car duty in the northeast side of town.

Gray and a partner, James R. "Jimmy" Laurita, were booted out of the Vice Bureau after an investigation into charges that they forged a name to sign out a police car and left city limits "without proper authorization from superiors."

The pair were quite a team before their bust. Laurita, 31, was an undercover narc who wore wigs and a beard to make hundreds of buys, while the stocky, 34-year-old Gray was infamous for his battles with the Family Dog, beginning in late 1967. Back then, city officials, afraid that the Rocky Mountains would become the next Haight-Ashbury, unleashed Gray onto the small but growing hip scene in the Capitol Hill area of Denver. Within weeks a smooth bust-and-hassle machine was in operation, with hundreds of youngsters being busted for hitchhiking, curfew, "vagrancy," not carrying ID's, and cannabis.

Detective Gray, playing the role of a latter-day Wyatt Earp, to the hilt, "borrowed" peace/love/slogan buttons from each person he busted to add to a collection he kept on his wall. The pressure he put on the Family Dog and its patrons was so heavy that Chet Helms had a restraining order slapped against Gray. He broke those orders to keep his anti-hip crusade going, and he ignored provisions of search warrants in at least one major bust—that of Canned Heat on October 21st, 1967.

Gray and Laurita were on their way to see the culmination of another of their exploits, in fact, when they were caught. Both men were off-duty when they decided to attend the sentencing of some bikers busted in a drugs-and-weapons raid earlier this year. Gray and Laurita were in the raid and furnished information leading to the raid. On the road to Central City, however, their car blew a tire and they discovered they had no spare. For some inexplicable reason, they called Vice Bureau commanding officer Donald McKelvy for help. Lt. McKelvy's name was the one they allegedly forged to get the car out of the garage, and McKelvy, of course, initiated the investigation that bounced the erstwhile team back onto remote streets again.

Court Kicks Out Anti-Rock Laws

LOS ANGELES—Two Los Angeles County night clubs have won a court fight against officials who enacted laws apparently designed to kill the rock scene on the Sunset Strip.

Owners of the Whisky a Go Go and the Galaxy went to Superior Court here to get two sections of a county ordinance ruled invalid. They won. Judge Bernard Jefferson ruled the provisions had no purpose of protecting public health, safety and morals and, in fact, actually violated civil rights.

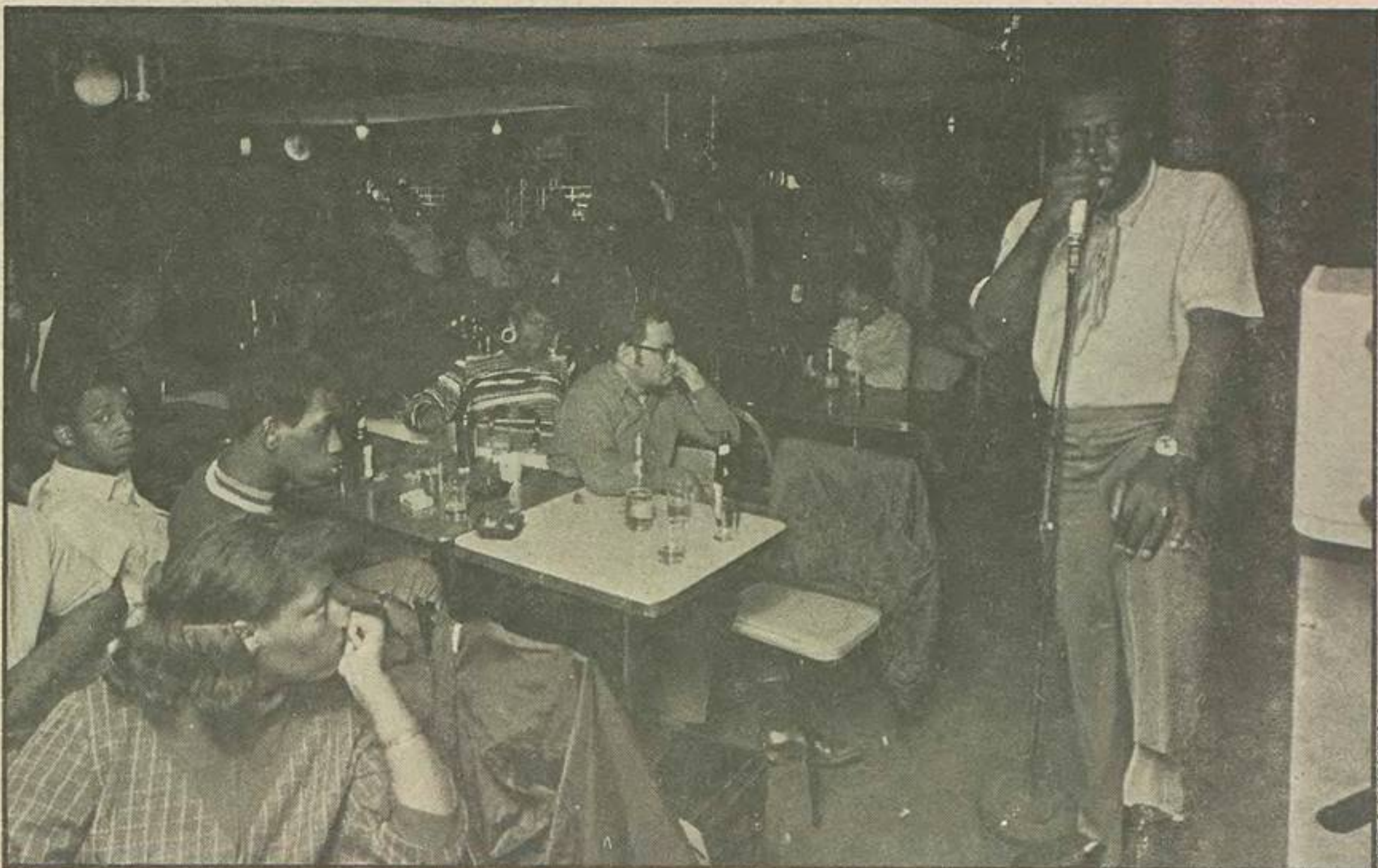
As written, one section of the law made it illegal for anyone under 21 to attend any restaurant, ballroom or club in the county where liquor was served if dancing was also permitted. This meant the Whisky and Galaxy were forced to post "no dancing" signs or turn away everyone under 21, although the law was overlooked in non-rock clubs.

The other section knocked down by the court made it illegal for adults to dance with minors at functions where liquor was not served... literally making it impossible for a 21-year-old boy to dance with his 20-year-old date.

"There is no justification for preventing minors from entering premises for the legitimate purpose of obtaining food just because public dancing is permitted on the premises," the Judge said "This absolute prohibition is in violation of the civil rights of such minors."

The judge also noted that it was common practice for girls 18 to 20 to date somewhat older men, making the second section unfair, unreasonable and silly.

The judge issued a permanent injunction preventing the county, the Board of Supervisors (whose law it was originally) and LA County Sheriff Peter Pitchess and his boys from enforcing the codes.



Howlin' Wolf on a blue Monday

Pepper's Lounge: Home of the Blues

BY JIM O'NEAL

CHICAGO—Hound Dog Taylor and Little Mack stood at the bar talking with some black friends and a white college student. On the bandstand L. V. Banks crawled under the electric piano keeping one hand on top flailing away at the keyboard without missing a note. Some of the crowd laughed, some kept talking, drinking or dancing. "Blue Monday" was in full swing at Pepper's.

Pepper's Lounge, at 43rd and Vincennes on Chicago's South Side, is known as the friendliest of the many blues bars which dot the city's black neighborhoods. Almost every Chicago blues artist has played at Pepper's; many started here. Painted canvas signs outside advertise Howlin' Wolf, Otis Rush, Junior Wells, Earl Hooker and others. Pepper's is famous for its "Blue Mondays"—all-night jam sessions which welcome any musician who walks in. Tonight Hound Dog, Little Mack and L. V. were the star attractions, each a master bluesman but unknown outside the hardcore blues world.

Pepper's is dark and dingy, but has a pleasant, easy atmosphere. Admission is 50 cents, sometimes 75 cents, no proof of age required in most cases. Behind the bandstand is a small square room with a few tables and enough floor space for about ten couples to dance. At one end of the room are two restrooms, at the other is a juke box loaded with tunes by Little Milton, Junior Wells, Fenton Robinson, James Brown, the Temptations, Howlin' Wolf, etc., a mixture of blues and soul.

In front of the bandstand is a long L-shaped room with a bar counter running the length of the L and booths at the end and on the opposite side, with about 20 vinyl-topped tables in between. Above the bar is a long narrow mirror adorned with glossy pictures of various musicians. On the wall beside the bandstand is a big painting of a woman in a tempting pose; at the other end of the room a small black light illustrates a painting of Chicago at night.

Above the bandstand is a strip of red upholstery fabric with brass letters spelling PEPPER'S LOUNGE. The N is backwards. Multicolored light bulbs are strung along the sign. A Chicago Fire Dept. notice saying that occupancy by more than 260 persons is unlawful is pasted in the middle.

The restrooms are classic. Inside, the ladies' room features a boarded-up window, a corroded mirror, a tilting sink and a sign advertising headache powder for 10 cents. A big hole has been knocked in the plaster wall inside the men's room. The space is filled with a growing pile of empty wine bottles.

About 100 people relaxed to the music. Middle-aged black men made up most of the crowd, many dressed in suits or wearing overcoats to conceal their bottles of Thunderbird and Wild Irish Rose. A few younger blacks, a

couple sporting naturals, tried to hustle the handful of women there. One hefty woman, about 35, sat alone at a front table refusing all comers except white students. She occasionally got up to strut around and show off her tight pink dress. Fifteen young whites, mostly college students from the University of Chicago and Northwestern, sat in groups listening to the band or joking with other customers. A laughing, goateed Negro sat down with one group and started slapping the table, trying to get them to join in and get with the beat of the music.

L. V. and his four-piece band, which now included a U of C student who had brought his harmonica and amplifier, rolled through a set of Fifties-style rhythm and blues, including a couple of Fats Domino numbers and some boogie music.

Guitarist Little Mack and his group followed with some more contemporary blues in the B. B. King vein, and then Hound Dog limped onto the wooden bandstand, which is about a foot higher than the linoleum floor.

Hound Dog is 53, has a sagging, happy face, a long nose and graying hair, greased straight back. He wore dark baggy pants and an oversized overcoat. Two musicians helped him sit down in a chair facing the microphone, and Hound Dog began to send his guitar through some fantastic rocking instrumental, backed only by a second guitar.

A bass player and a drummer joined in, followed by another U of C freak working out on harp. Hound Dog beamed a broad smile, rose and moved closer to watch, still playing fast-moving, bouncy boogie blues on his ax. The rest of the band smiled with Hound Dog as the frizzly-haired student jumped around, blowing intensely on his harp.

Hound Dog then switched styles, using the metal pipe on his little finger to evoke powerful crying whines on slide guitar, with as much feeling as a blues fanatic could ever hope to hear. He sang "The Sky Is Crying" and another number in a broken, plaintive voice and ended with another uptempo instrumental to a healthy volume of appreciative applause. Another group of assorted musicians took the stage.

Hound Dog, tired but happy, quickly left with the woman at the front table as L. V. Banks started again, standing on top of the piano playing it with his hands between his ankles.

Motown Cleffers Balk; Take Walk

DETROIT—Holland-Dozier-Holland, the songwriting team that gave Motown a long string of hit tunes, then disappeared after hitting the company with a \$22 million lawsuit, has resurfaced.

Eddie Holland has announced a production and distribution arrangement between his new Invictus Records, based in Detroit, and Capitol Records.

The terms of the deal allow Capitol to press, distribute, and market for Invictus in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico,

with Invictus retaining all administrative, mail-order sales, and foreign rights.

Invictus is expected to work mostly with new, black talent. As Holland put it: "I'm in the position to create an artist, initiate a label, create songwriters and enhance the artists' talents and abilities. Also, I can follow through administratively and creatively from one end of the company to the other. All in all, I have a completely creative feeling for the first time in my career."

Holland-Dozier-Holland, as part of Motown, accounted for the first seven Supremes hits, along with hits for Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson, were the exclusive producers for the Supremes and the Four Tops, and, altogether, produced 25 of the 29 Motown acts.

A big rift began in late 1968 when Motown sued the writing team for \$4 million for alleged contract violations. Holland-Dozier-Holland returned the slap with their giant suit, claiming "conspiracy, fraud, deceit, overreaching, and breach of fiduciary relationships." The team hasn't written a note for Motown since late 1967.

Jesus Saves-In Topanga Canyon

TOPANGA, Calif.—This canyon community's Chamber of Commerce has endorsed a religious crusade to rehabilitate the "hippies" in the area, naming the home of a publisher of nudist magazines and two small music clubs as targets of the campaign.

"Topanga is one of the dope exchange centers of southern California," said the Rev. Thomas Xanthos of Topanga Community Church. "We want to fight the narcotics evil by helping young people spiritually. Many of them—I don't like the word hippies—are just on the brink and can be saved."

The good reverend told directors of the chamber that three "trouble spots" in the canyon were Elysian Fields, home of nudist magazine publisher Ed Lange; Moonfire Inn, a coffee shop at one time operated by individualistic S&H Green Stamp heir Lewis Beech Marvin, more recently featuring some young rock bands and folksingers; and the Topanga Corral, long a club that has proved a launching pad for new groups. (The Corral, currently one of the "hippest" places to go in the Los Angeles area, was recently reopened after a fire which destroyed its original building.)

The Rev. M. Xanthos went before the Chamber of Commerce to ask its support of his own work—which he said included a "refuge" for youth, set up in a private home—and a rally by the Rev. David Wilkerson. He described the Rev. Mr. Wilkerson as "a Billy Graham for youth" and said the rally would be held at a later date.

Presumably some of the hippie-types on the reverend's "brink" include many of the rock personalities who live in small houses pitched against Topanga's rocky canyon walls—members of Spirit, Linda Ronstadt, Neil Young, Tim Buckley and Gordon Alexander among them.

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Now, the Medium Is the Movies

BY JERRY HOPKINS

HOLLYWOOD — Rock and rollers have long talked about expanding their aesthetic base by making films and if recent developments here are any indication, they're finally getting it on.

Those artists immediately involved include Frank Zappa, Lou Adler and John Phillips, the Band, Ginger Baker, Sonny & Cher, and the Doors. This does not include, of course, those several other bands and composers contributing songs or sound tracks — only those actually making film.

Zappa, himself a walk-on star of the Monkees' first feature *Head*, has been slowly editing 14 hours of documentary film for almost a year and now has a tight 18 minutes he calls *Burnt Weenie Sandwich*. The short, cut to music from the album that originally was commissioned by Capitol and finally issued by MGM, *Uncle Meat*, has been shown by the National Educational Television station in San Francisco and will be broadcast in 13 other cities this fall, with theatrical distribution to follow.

Still in the works is a longer version of the same film, showing Zappa's Mothers of Invention, in manager Herb Cohen's words, "eating, sleeping, performing, making album covers, driving around, on tour, belching, all of that."

(At one point, all 14 unedited hours—filmed in New York, Los Angeles and Europe—were to be shown at a theater in New York, the music of the Mothers' LPs being played over and over and over again as the soundtrack, patrons paying 50 cents an hour to watch. The plan was considered excellent, but never carried off.)

Papa John Phillips and Lou Adler, meanwhile, have in recent weeks signed contracts with two of the major Hollywood studios and have still another film project in the works which may involve their co-producing a film independent of any studio.

The first agreement was made with Universal Studios, a development deal which, in Adler's words, "has a fund of money set up for John and me, whereby we'll take strong story lines and assign writers to develop them and Universal will pay for this development all the way through production of the picture if they want." Adler said he couldn't get more specific than that, saying there weren't any properties far enough along to talk about.

The second project of Adler-Phillips-Linson Productions Inc.—Linson serving as the businessman in the organization—calls for the production of two features for United Artists.

The first, Adler said, is tentatively titled "The Shelley-Byron Project," a property based on an original idea by Phillips and Adler, with a story by Phillips, to be written and directed by Michael Sarne, who also wrote and directed *Joanna*.

The second feature is untitled, he said, and about a "Greenwich Village figure, male, who is a contemporary street hustler, a guy who makes it off the street."

Over at ABC (the film division, not the network), a script is now being completed for *Zachariah*, a Western whose tentative stars include Ginger Baker of Blind Faith and members of the Band.

Originally this film was to have been produced by the Beatles' Apple Corps (the director is Joe Massot, who directed *Wonderwall*, a film whose sound track was composed by George Harrison), but that didn't work out. Now the money is being provided by ABC and the film will be produced by George Englund, whose several major Hollywood credits include *The Russians Are Coming*, *The Russians Are Coming* and *Shoes of the Fisherman*.

Script is being written by the Fire-sign Theatre, a Los Angeles-based gang of improvisational comic-satirists (with their second Columbia LP just released), from an original story by Massot. Costumes will be by the Fool, art direction by Jerry Kay, who served in the same capacity for the Pete Fonda-Dennis Hopper film, *Easy Rider*.

The latest contribution to cinema from Sonny & Cher is *Chastity*, a feature written and produced by Mr. Bono, starring Mrs. Bono. It tells the story of an elderly teenbopper (Chastity) in search of kicks and self. Cher is actually quite



The Mothers: Belching and all of that

good in the film, showing she and her husband have come a long way from the exploitative *Good Times* days.

Progress continues on the Doors' first feature-length film, meantime. This, according to cinematographer-editor Frank Lisciandro, tells the story of a "primitive man, played by Jim (Morrison), coming down out of the hills and into the city and what happens to him on the way and once he gets there." Morrison, clean-shaven again and wearing much shorter hair, is the only one of the Doors taking an active role in producing this film, other than providing financial backing.

Morrison says this film won't be ready for at least three months. The Doors' documentary about themselves, *Feast of Friends*, recently was awarded first prize in the documentary division of the Atlanta International Film Festival and is entered in the upcoming San Francisco Film Festival.

Germans Beat Off Sex Film-makers

BY ERIC GEIGER

MUNICH, GERMANY — Pitchforks, axes, bicycle chains and just plain fists seem to have replaced scissors as the main instruments of movie censorship in this traditional mecca for West German film-makers.

Infuriated by official failure to curb an increasing pre-occupation with nudity and lurid sex displayed by most home-grown producers, country folks across Bavaria have started enforcing on their own cinematic standards of decency.

It's a rough type of enforcement. Not a week seems to be passing without a film-crew on location finding itself chased away and severely beaten by the self-appointed local guardians of morality.

Reflecting the wave of panic that has gripped members of the West German movie industry, one producer here moaned: "even those old-time tough official censors seem like angels compared to those rustic ruffians . . . at least they weren't trying to break our heads."

The latest of a long line of violent attempts at exercising extrajudicial censorship occurred during the shooting of a rape scene for a so-called "sex thriller" in a gully near the Bavarian village of Schwabmuenchen. Aghast at the sinful goings-on, a crowd of local onlookers showered the movie people with a barrage of rocks, inflicting injuries on most of them.

A few days earlier a group of shriek-

ing farm-women in rustically alpine Oberaudorf wielding pitchforks and axes burst on an erotic shooting sequel in a barn and chased the unclad female star through the village streets. The barn had been rented to provide "a lustfully rural background" for a nudie entitled "Count Porno and His Pussy-Cats."

Even more painful was the experience of an exceptionally well-proportioned German starlet being filmed for a "sex comedy" while running naked along the main street of yet another Bavarian village. Far from appreciating the view, the shocked villagers gave her a hearty thrashing.

The most savage fracas so far happened right in the heart of Munich — long regarded as a sort of German mini-Hollywood.

Dropping into a local bar after a hard day's work on a nudie set, cast members as well as technicians had to be hospitalized after being brutally beaten with bicycle chains by a raiding party. Just as in most of the other cases, police are still looking for the assailants. Rumors have it that they belong to a local vigilante group bent on "safeguarding morals and decency."

Free Press: 'Know Your Local Narc'

LOS ANGELES — Lawsuits totalling \$25 million have been brought against the Los Angeles Free Press as a result of that newspaper's printing the names, addresses and home telephone numbers of 80 state narcotics officers.

The first of the suits, for \$15 million, claimed the paper had invaded the agents' privacy and was filed as a class action in behalf of all those named. The second suit, for \$10 million, was brought by California Attorney General Tom Lynch, who charged the "Free Press" with obstruction of justice.

At the same time, the Free Press was served with a temporary restraining order prohibiting it from reprinting the list already published or printing any other such lists.

A second restraining order is broader in its action, forbidding Kunkin and his merry band from printing and distributing any information obtained from any document written by or to any employee of the state's justice department.

Ironically, it seems that the source of the controversial list of undercover

fuzz probably works in the department in question. The editor and publisher of the weekly "underground," Art Kunkin, has stated publicly he obtained the names from "someone who had official access to them." He also added that the list was not in any way marked "Confidential" and that he assumed that because the agents were public employees, the list was printed with public funds.

Following appearance of the Free Press on the street — all "overground" media covered the story — Kunkin held a press conference. In part, this is what he said:

"The public should know the men who are policing their communities. This becomes a pressing question, since the national and local press have revealed on many occasions that agents have engaged in frame-ups, faking of evidence, and unconstitutional searches and seizures because they are enforcing laws which are no more wise or workable than the now repealed prohibition laws forbidding the sale and consumption of beer and whisky . . .

"We feel that our responsibility to the perhaps 600,000 California families who are engaged in the moral struggle to abolish the incredibly stupid laws against the medically proven harmless substance of marijuana, just as their fathers and grandfathers fought against the equally stupid prohibition of alcoholic beverages, is far greater than our responsibility to the men whose names are listed.

"The countless thousands of families whose lives have been ruined by antiquated drug laws, and the countless thousands who live in fear each day, weighs more heavily on our minds."

Kunkin said he fervently hoped no harm would come to the agents, but he said he did hope they would get hundreds of calls. "The courtroom is not the only place these men should be confronted," he said.

Reaction to the publication has been about what Kunkin expected it to be. Former Los Angeles police Chief Tom Reddin, now a television newscaster, for example, told his viewers that "every Constitutional weapon available to society should be brought against the Free Press to assure that such an irresponsible act does not take place again."

A number of subscribers to the paper also complained that either they never received their copy or that the page containing the names had been removed before delivery.

Names published were those of agents assigned to offices in Los Angeles, Santa Ana, San Diego and San Francisco. Kunkin said he didn't print those in Oakland and Sacramento because, quite honestly, he just didn't believe he had the circulation in those cities to warrant it.

Flatt and Scruggs Get Together

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, the bluegrass team that split up dramatically last March, have finished a new LP. Sources say the pair recorded the album together—rather than on separate tracks, as had been predicted.

Officials at Columbia Records here, in whose studios the recording was reportedly done, refused to comment on the reports. Studio manager Harold Hitt also refused to confirm or deny the rumors.

It was understood, however, that the estranged pair had gotten together to do the sessions. It was even said—according to Music Row sources—that there was a lot of lightness between Flatt and Scruggs, who broke up six months ago with threats of lawsuits against each other.

The album is said to consist mainly of Bob Dylan and Johnny Cash numbers. One definite song, it is said, is the current Cash hit, "A Boy Named Sue."

Earlier, it had seemed that Flatt and Scruggs would never work together again, that they would negotiate separate contracts with Columbia after perhaps doing one last LP together/apart (with Flatt tracks and Scruggs tracks recorded at separate times and mixed together later).

Flatt and his band have been appearing at the Grand Ole Opry and on stages across the country since the breakup; Scruggs later debuted a new show, the Earl Scruggs Revue, at a folk festival in Gatlinburg. Now, further joint albums seem possible, although their divorce as a touring act is likely to remain in effect.

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*The mud and the garbage did show
The green and blue toilets were
always overflow
But the kids, my brothers, they dug
it straight
The music and the joy went on so
long
It wasn't even late*

*You wanna see the future now?
Don't put our festival down
This time next year, man
Ten million may be coming 'round*

*Up in Woodstock, man, up in
Woodstock
Some call it White Lake, yeah,
some call it White Lake
Some call it Bethel, oh, some call
it Bethel
But now it's Woodstock, baby, now
it's Woodstock*

—FROM "Up in Woodstock,"
ERIC BURDON

I by Greil Marcus

It was Sunday afternoon and Joe Cocker and the Grease Band had finished their powerhouse set and suddenly the sky turned black and everyone knew it was going to rain again. It did. The ground on which two or three hundred thousand kids were sitting was begging to be turned back into mud and it got its wish and it couldn't have mattered less to anyone. The wind hit, then, too; it seemed to come from some half-forgotten Biblical apocalypse but no one was ready for the Last Judgment so we turned calamity into celebration.

"Cut the power, cut the power," they shouted on stage, and the kids yelled "Fuck the rain, fuck the rain," but it was really just another chance for a new kind of fun. Odd gifts of the elements, our own latter-day saints appeared out of nowhere. In front of the bandstand a black boy and a white boy took off their clothes and danced in the mud and the rain, round and round in a circle that grew larger as more joined them.

Moon Fire, a kindly warlock, preached to a small crowd that had gathered under the stage for shelter. A tall man with red-brown hair and shining eyes, barefoot and naked under his robes, he had traveled to the festival with his lover, a sheep ("call her 'Sunshine' if you're a vegetarian, 'Chops' if you're not," he said.) Off in a corner was his staff, topped by a human skull, the pole bearing his message: "Don't Eat Animals, Love Them/the Killing of Animals Creates the Killing of Men." He carefully explained how sheep were blessed with the greatest capacity for love of all animals, how a sheep could actually conceive by a man, though,

tragically, perhaps because of some forgotten curse, the offspring was doomed to die at birth. Albert Grossman, his pigtail soaking wet, was standing nearby and Moon Fire ambled over to lay on his blessing. Grossman dug it. Rain simply meant it was a good time to meet new people.

The rain had been coming down for a long time now, but it seemed safe, and the stage crew put on a record. Creedence Clearwater's "Born on the Bayou" went soaring out of the great sound system and over the enormous crowd and suddenly the Battle of the Bands of the night before had turned into American Bandstand. Three hundred thousand people jumped up out of the mud and started to dance. Bopping their bodies and shaking their hair to the beat, hopping over and into the new puddles of garbage and mud.

The crush of more than a quarter of a million people sitting down had been some sight, but this was almost more than anyone could believe. Frisbees began to sail out of the crowd toward the stage and the sound men jumped forward to throw them back. Then a football, then oranges, sandwiches, whatever was close at hand and friendly to throw at other people.

Country Joe and the Fish had been scheduled to go on next and Barry Melton cornered the head man and announced that the band wanted to play. "You can't play now, you'll all get electrocuted!" "We wanna play, man, we wanna play now, we don't need electricity." "They want to play," said one staffer to another. "You tell them they can't. Not me." The Fish played. In pouring down rain, good old never-say-

die-and-never-down Country Joe and the Fish got up and pantomimed their music for the crowd that had turned them on. Barry grabbed a mike with no cord and Mark Kapner hoisted his little ukelele and Joe handled the footballs that kept bouncing onto the stage. Greg Dewey, their new drummer, brought out his kit and sat down and pounded out a loud, fast, dancing drum solo that kept the audience moving and grooving. It was certainly the only drum solo I've ever dug, and by the time three or four others had joined Dewey on his cymbals he was into it all the way, a musician making music for the people out front.

A tall fellow jumped on stage and began to dance across the boards while everyone cheered. Then he flashed and pulled off his pants and danced naked in the rain, grinning wildly, holding out his arms in a big gesture of welcome. Someone passed a bottle of champagne into the audience and then all the food that could be found on stage, and the Fish kept on playing and Joe kept on smiling. They reminded me of the brave rodeo clowns that run into the pit when a rider's hurt and the bull's ready to trample him. They came through. But nobody was scared.

[THE LAST TRAFFIC JAM]

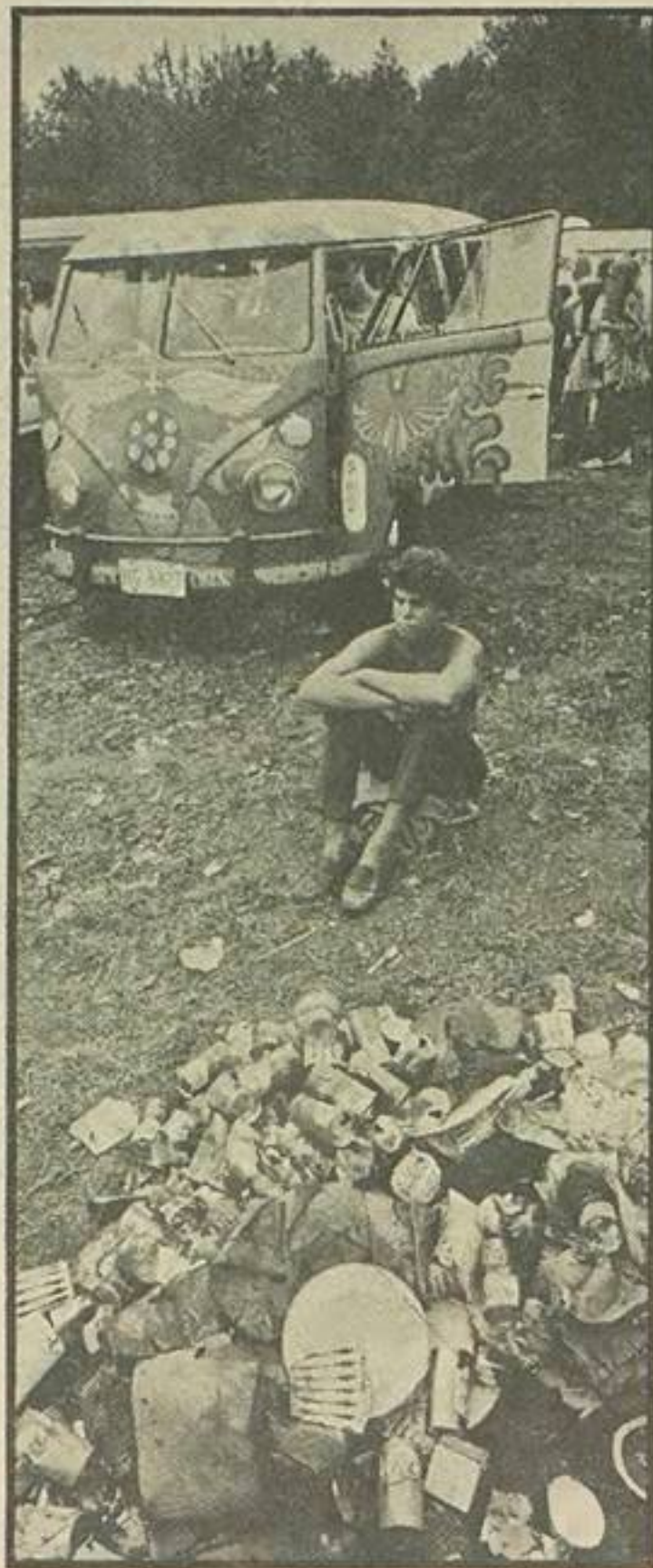
Friday was the first day of the Woodstock Music and Arts Fair, now moved to White Lake near Bethel, N. Y., a hundred miles from New York City and fifty miles from Woodstock proper. The intrepid ROLLING STONE crew thought it would be bright to beat the traffic, so we left the city early in the morning and headed up. When we got to Monticello, a little town eight miles from

the festival, the traffic had been light. Then we hit it. Eight miles of two-lane road jammed with thousands of cars that barely moved. Engines boiling over, people collapsed on the side of the road, everyone smiling in a common bewilderment.

Automotive casualties looked like the skeletons of horses that died on the Oregon Trail. People began to improvise, driving on soft shoulders until they hit the few thousand who'd thought of the same thing, then stopping again. Finally the two lanes were transformed into four and still nothing moved. Fat, bulbous vacationers (for this was Jew- ishland, the Catskills, laden with chopped liver and bad comedians) stared at the cars and the freaks and the nice kids, their stomachs sticking out into the road. It was a combination of *Weekend* and *Goodbye Columbus*. Here we were, trying to get to the land of Hendrix and the Grateful Dead, all the while under the beady eyes of Montovani fans.

There wasn't any traffic control. We sat still in our car and figured out all sorts of brilliant solutions to the transportation problem, everything from one-way roads to hired buses (a plan that failed at the last minute) but we still weren't getting anywhere and it had been four hours now. This was the road on the map, right? No other way to get there? A lot of kids were pulling over and starting to walk through the fields. Beat-out kids heading back told us nothing moved up ahead and that we had six miles to go. It was a cosmic traffic jam, where all the cars fall into place like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle and stay there forever.

Festival Photographs by Baron Wolman



[THE ARMY OF 17B]

*I'm just sittin' here wonderin',
matchbox holding my clothes
Yeah, just sittin' here wonderin',
matchbox holding my clothes
I ain't got no money and I sure got
a long way to go*

—"Matchbox," BLIND LEMON, CARL PERKINS & THE BEATLES



The police estimated that there were a million people on the road that day, trying to get to the festival. A million people. 186,000 tickets had been sold and the promoters figured that maybe 200,000 tops would show. That seemed outlandish, if believable. But no one was prepared for what happened, and no one could have been.

Perhaps a quarter of a million never made it. They gave up and turned back, or parked on the highway and set up tents on the divider strip and stuck it out. Shit, they'd come to camp out for three days and they were gonna do it. Many had walked fifteen miles in the rain and the mud, only to give up a mile or so before the festival and turn back, but they were having fun. Camped on the highway with no idea where White Lake was or what was going on, they were digging it, making friends, dancing to car radios and making their own music on their own guitars.

"Isn't it pretty here, all the trees and the meadows? And whenever it gets too hot it rains and cools everyone off. Wow." "Yeah, sure, but you paid eighteen dollars and drove all the way from Ohio and you can't even get to the festival. Aren't you disappointed? Or pissed off?" "No, man. Everyone is so friendly, it's like being stuck in an elevator with people when the power goes off. But it's much nicer here than in an elevator."

It was an amazing sight, the highway to White Lake: it looked, as someone said, like Napoleon's army retreating from Moscow. It looked like that for three days. Everywhere one saw tents and campfires, cars rolled into ditches, people walking, lying down,

drinking, eating, reading, singing. Kids were sleeping, making love, wading in the marshes, trying to milk the local cows and trying to cook the local corn. The army of New York State Quickway 17B was on maneuvers.

[A VIEW OF THE SECOND DAY]

Thinking back to Saturday, one image sticks in my mind, an image that I doubt is shared by many but one that I will never forget. Friday night the folk music had been played, Joe Baez, Arlo Guthrie, Sweetwater and Ravi Shankar, but by the next morning the future was unclear and rumors that the area had been declared an official disaster seemed quite credible. Many left Saturday morning, oppressed by water shortages and ninety degree heat and ninety-nine percent humidity and the crush of bodies.

"I love all these people," said a young girl, "they're all beautiful, and I never thought I'd be hassled by so many beautiful people, but I am, and I'm going home." Faces were drawn and tired, eyes blank, legs moving slowly on blisters and sore feet. The lack of water, food, and toilets was becoming difficult, though everyone shared, and many simply roamed the area with provisions with the sole purpose of giving them away. But it got hotter and hotter and a boy was running toward the lake in panic, cradling his little puppy in his arms. The dog was unconscious, its tongue out of its mouth but not moving. The boy thought the dog was going to die, and he was scared. He kept running and I stared after him and then I left the festival and decided to go home. I couldn't get a plane and I was

lucky to stay, but that dreadful scene was real and it too was part of the festival at White Lake.

[CROSBY-STILLS-NASH & YOUNG]

Everyone in the country has seen pictures of the crowd. Was it bigger than it looked? Whoever saw so many people in the same spot with the same idea? Well, Hitler did, and General MacArthur, and Mao, but this was a somewhat better occasion. They came to hear the music and they stayed to dig the scene and the people and the countryside, and at any time, no matter who was playing, one could see thousands moving in every direction and more camped on every hill and all through the woods. The music became something that was going on there, and it was terrific, but it was by no means the whole show. The magnificent sound system was clear and audible long past the point at which one could no longer see the bands, and some were discussing the bass player in Janis' band even though they hadn't the slightest idea of what he looked like.

The reader will be spared a careful, critical analysis of the performance of each group and of the validity and impact of their sound, music, stage show, and demeanor. The outstanding thing was the unthinkable weight of the groups that played. Take Saturday night and Sunday morning (the music was scheduled to begin at one in the afternoon and run for twelve hours, but it began at three or four and went until the middle of the next morning). Here's the line-up: Joe Cocker, Country Joe and the Fish, Ten Years After, the Band, Johnny Winter, Blood Sweat & Tears,

Crosby-Stills-Nash & Young, the Butterfield Blues Band, Sha Na Na (a knock-'em-dead group from New York that does beautiful versions of Fifties hits), and Jimi Hendrix. It's like watching God perform the Creation. "And, for My next number . . ."

The scene on stage Sunday night was a curious one. Three groups were hanging out there, performing, setting up, digging the other musicians: the Band, Blood Sweat & Tears, and Paul Butterfield. Now there was no doubt that in terms of prestige the Band was king that night, to the other musicians if not to the audience. As Helm, Danko and Robertson sat on amplifiers, listening to Johnny Winter, stars of the past and the present came over to say hello, to introduce themselves, to pay their artistic respects. David Clayton-Thomas, the young Canadian lead singer for BS&T, flashed a big grin and shook hands vigorously—a man on the way up, his group outselling everyone in the country and impressing the audience far more than the Band did that night, but still very much in the shadow of the men from Big Pink who play real music that comes out of real history.

And then Paul Butterfield came over. Regardless of what one may think of the quality or the relevance of Butterfield's music in the year 1969, his impact on rock and roll is incalculable and he is very much a father of the modern scene, as crucial to the emergence of San Francisco or Bob Dylan as anyone in the country. Butterfield's first band and his first records broke down the doors and brought hundreds of musicians that are now famous into the light, and if his star has faded now



and his albums sell only moderately, the jovial respect the Band showed him that night was simply more proof of his dignity. He's a dignified fellow—black tie shoes, beat-up jacket, his hair cut in the style of Chicago's hillbilly ghetto. He was, in fact, the only bluesman on the stage, and the way he carried himself provided a sense of what that word really means.

Some time around four in the morning the stage crew began to assemble the apparatus for the festival's most unknown quantity, Crosby-Stills-Nash & Young. This was not exactly their debut—they'd played once or twice before, but this was a national audience, both in terms of the factual composition of the crowd and the press and because of the amazing musical competition with which they were faced. They followed the Band, Winter, and Blood Sweat & Tears.

It took a very long time to get everything ready, and the people on stage crowded around the amplifiers and the nine or ten guitars and the chairs and mikes and the organ, more excited in anticipation than they'd been for any other group that night. A large semicircle of equipment protected the musicians from the rest of the people. The band was very nervous—Neil Young stalking around, kissing his wife, trying to tune his guitar off in a corner, kissing his wife again, staring off away from the crowd. Stills and Nash paced back and forth and tested the organ and the mikes and drummer Dallas Taylor fiddled with his kit and kept trying to make it more than perfect. Finally they went on.

Crosby Stills and Nash opened with "Judy Blue Eyes," stretching it out for a long time, exploring the figures of the song for the crowd, making their quiet music and flashing grimaces at each other when something went wrong. They strummed and picked their way through other numbers, and then began to shift around, Crosby singing with Stills, then Nash and Crosby, back and forth. They had the crowd all the way. Many have remarked that their music is perfect, but sterile; that night it wasn't quite perfect and it was anything but sterile. They seemed like several bands rather than one.

After perhaps half an hour Neil Young made his way into the band and sat down with Steve Stills, and the two of them combined for an extraordinary acoustic version of "Mr. Soul." Stills pushed stinging blues out of his guitar and Young's singing was as disturbing and compelling as ever. And from that point they just took off. They switched to rock and roll and a grateful electricity—Nash, Stills, Crosby and/or Young on guitar, Young and Stills trading off on organ, and two terrific sidemen, Dallas Taylor on drums and Greg Reeves on bass.

Visually they are one of the most exciting bands I have ever seen, the six of them. David Crosby finally looks exactly like Buffalo Bill, his flowing hair and twisted moustaches twirling in the lights. Steve Stills, from Canada (it was a night for Canadians), seemed as Californian as a beach boy, with page-boy blonde hair, a Mexican serape fitting the Baja Peninsula groove he's so fond of. Graham Nash appeared as one of these under-nourished-in-childhood English kids, weighing in at maybe seventy-five pounds, and Neil Young, as usual, looked like a photo from Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, dust bowl gothic, huge bones hung with very little flesh, all shaped by those odd, piercing eyes that have warmth even as they show fear. And Taylor! This is a drum-

mer. He plays his stuff like P. J. Proby sings, shaking his head wildly, the most cataclysmic drummer I've ever seen. Well, they hit it. Right into "Long Time Gone," a song for a season if there ever was one, Stills on organ, shouting out the choruses, Neil snapping out lead, Crosby aiming his electric twelve-string out over the edge of the stage, biting off his words and stretching them out, those lyrics that are as strong as any we are likely to hear:

*There's something, something,
something
Goin' on arrrrround here
That surely, surely, surely
Won't stand
The light of day
Oooohhhhl
And it appears to be a long
time . . .*

I have never seen a musician more involved in his music. At one point Crosby nearly fell off the stage in his excitement.

Deep into the New York night they were, early Sunday morning in the dark after three days of chaos and order, and it seemed like the last of a thousand and one American nights. Two hundred thousand people covered the hills of a great natural amphitheatre, campfires burning in the distance, the lights shining down from the enormous towers onto the faces of the band. Crosby Stills Nash & Young were just one of the many at this festival, and perhaps they wouldn't top the bill if paired with Hendrix or the Airplane or Creedence Clearwater or the Who or the Band, but this was their night. Their performance was a scary brilliant proof of the magnificence of music, and I don't believe it could have happened with such power anywhere else. This was a festival that had triumphed over itself, as Crosby and his band led the way toward the end of it.

[THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BLIND JOE WOODSTOCK]

The big cliché of the festival, heard more before it began than afterwards, came down to this: If Monterey was the beginning, Woodstock was the end. Al Aronowitz, writing in the New York Post, spoke for many when he called the festival "a wake." But Woodstock/White Lake was not a wake, but rather a confused, chaotic founding of something new, something our world must now find a way to deal with. The limits have changed now, they've been pushed out, the priorities have been re-arranged, and new, "impractical" ideas must be taken seriously. The mind boggles.

The festival constituted the third largest city in the state of New York. To call it over was like saying that the entire population of Minneapolis had to pack up and leave, right now. To convey the meaning of it one must chase after ultimately useless metaphors about stars in the sky or the people in China. Well, if you laid 'em all in a line, they'd reach around the equator five times. Got it? But everyone there was a rock and roll fan and knew how to dance and had their favorite groups and called out for their favorite songs. People just like those everyone hangs out with, but this time it seemed as if they were all in one place at one time. They weren't though—not yet.

The logistical problems we will have to face in the coming rock and roll years are at bottom emotional ones. There were hundreds of thousands of people, over-flowing toilets, garbage and not enough food mainly because the music is exciting and because the kind

of life one could live for a few days up in the Catskills is more attractive to huge numbers of kids and retreating adults than any other mode of existence.

Janis Joplin and Creedence Clearwater are more important than most would have guessed not because they carry some arcane political message but because when people hear them they get excited and ecstatic and feel more alive. This feeling is one that people must have, and to achieve that feeling hundreds of thousands will endure all sorts of privations and sufferings that, they would consider intolerable in the ordinary circumstances of city or suburbia. And the music and those who perform for the huge crowds are now so well established, so impressive and so magnificent that those who come to hear and see no longer have to vent their frustrations or their anger on each other, but rather the people can now take the stars as benchmarks and move out to close frontiers and build their own instant communities—for a weekend, for a few days, they can live on their own terms with no thought of rebellion.

I think this is an important point. At the festival thousands were able to do things that would ordinarily be considered rebellious, in the terms of whatever current nonsensical sociological theory one might want to embrace. Selling and using all kinds of dope, balling here, there and everywhere, swimming, canoeing or running around naked, and, believe it or not, *staying up all night*—one could do all of these things simply because they were fun to do, not because such acts represented scoring points against parents or Richard Nixon or Readers' Digest.

The Woodstock festival provided a setting and a context in which all these things and many more were natural, seductive, and obvious. The now famous Dope Supermarket is a case in point. Off in the woods, on the crossroads of "Groovy Way" and "Gentle Path," right next to an over-priced bead shop, a dozen dope dealers called out for their wares. "Hash? Acid? Really good mescaline?" "Who's got opium?" "He does, he does, the cat in the red jacket." "Who's got grass?" "One lid left, man, come an' get it." And on and on and on. R. Crumb's dream come true. It was an amazing spectacle simply because it made so much sense—lot of people wanted the stuff so a central trading post had been set up where everything was available.

A photographer came by. "Hey," yelled the guy with the opium, "take my picture." There was no sense of cheating the cops out of a bust. Kids who had their first taste of dope or sex or nudity at Woodstock might remember later that these were acts that at least *somebody* thought were wrong, but at the festival it was as natural as cruising Main Street or catching a subway.

This is not to say that repression has vanished overnight, or vanished at all, but rather that the festival created and provided a place of freedom. The promoters laid the roads and brought in the music and built a Babylonian hanging garden sound system and the kids did the rest. The problem now is to find a way for such festivals to continue, with a clear knowledge that the audience cannot be limited by sales of tickets or by anything else.

We could cut back. We could have festivals with one or two "headliners" instead of festivals where everyone and no one is a headliner; we could categorize it, with "folk festivals" and "jazz festivals" and "blues festivals" and local

festivals. All of these possibilities are good ones and all will take place, but after Woodstock they have to be seen, at least to some extent, as mere devices for holding down the number of people who will want to be there. The true challenge is to recognize that Woodstock was truly the Land of Oz and that those who were there will want to find a way back and that those who heard about it will be there to follow.

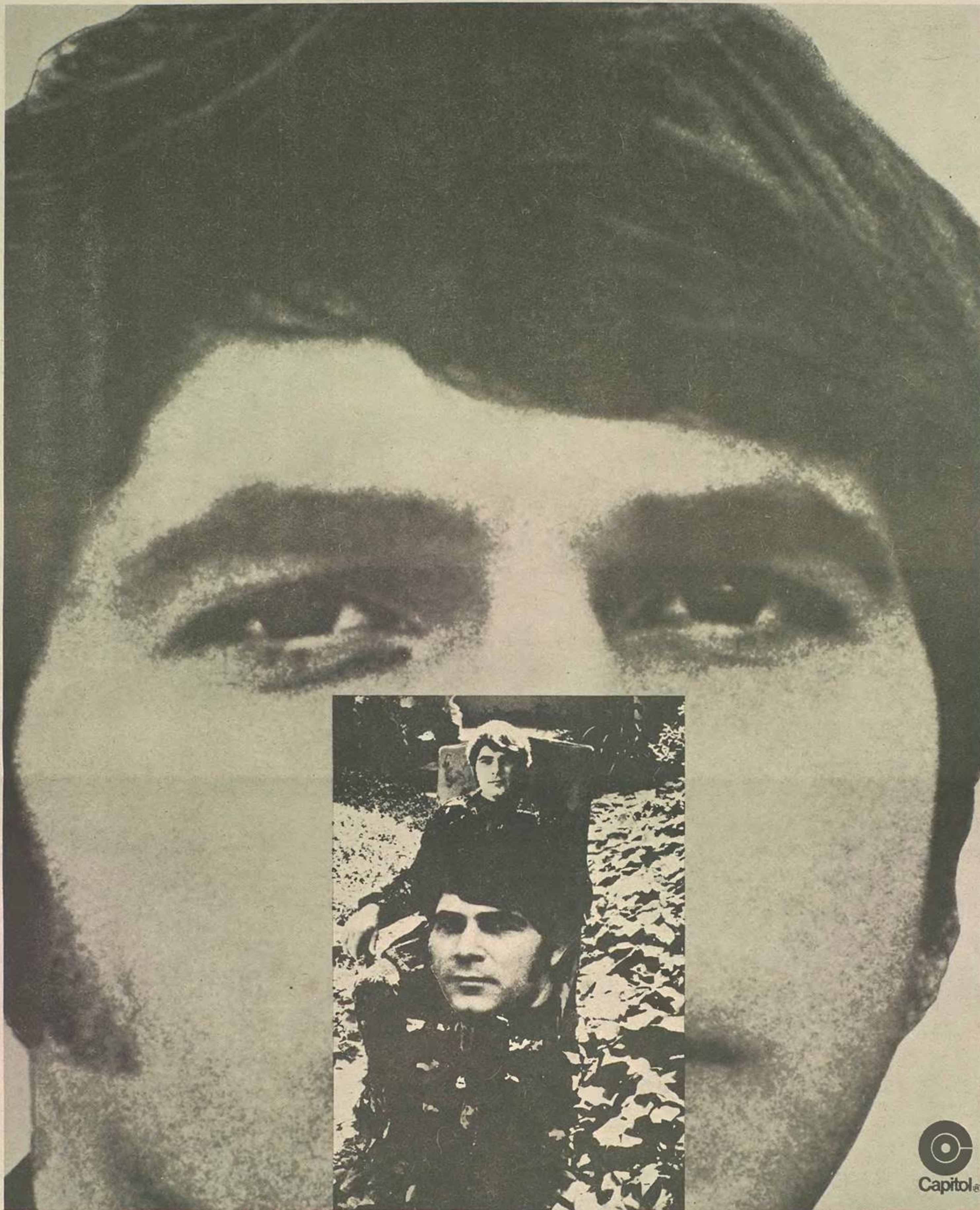
Woodstock initiated all-night concerts with a staggering line-up of bands—a truly national festival, a hemispheric one, really, since Canada contributed much of the best. Great music from afternoon to morning, just like concerts in India, except here one could see virtually everyone and all at once. One could sit and dig the finest groups in the world, and if Ike and Tina and B.B. King and Aretha and Sam and Dave and Blind Faith weren't there, they will be, and if Bob Dylan and the Stones and the Beatles weren't there, they will be, if such a festival can be held again, and again.

The logistical problems are the minor ones. Everyone knows by now that the people must be bussed in from satellite parking lots; that the festival should last a week—perhaps two or three days before and after each main concert; that there should be two or three stages instead of one, with entertainment taking place simultaneously on each of them. And garbage and water and food and so on. These problems are minor not because it will not take tremendous effort to deal with them but because they are essentially simple. The true problem is the audience.

All over the nation and the world kids are moving to rock and roll. It's the most important thing in their lives. Janis Joplin's new album is more important than landing on the moon. If two thirds of the country can watch the moon landing then some equivalent production must take place to allow the rockers to hear rock and roll. Plan a festival like Woodstock for 150,000 and you get nearly a million. Plan next year for a million and you'll get ten million. And plan and plan and plan and you'll go deeper and deeper into the hole. Ticket sales will not do it. Getting the bands to play for free will not do it. We are, for better or for worse, beyond those sorts of solutions. We also cannot revert to electrified fences, police dogs, tear gas, and the rest of the contemporary American paraphernalia in an attempt to keep the "legitimate" audience separate from the rest of the rock and roll population.

Probably an attempt will have to be made to get the record companies to finance the next national festival, whether it's held in Woodstock, Mill Valley, or Toronto. It has to be considered in the same light as the Olympic Games, which is exactly what this festival was, yet more like the Games of 2500 years ago than those of today. If we cut back, if we cut back to a festival that is really little more than three bills from the Fillmore East sandwiched together, then we will also be cutting off the greatest possibilities of rock and roll.

Three hundred thousand people taking whatever went down all around them and a new challenge to their guts and their ingenuity, sitting on a great hill all through the night to hear their favorites play and play and play, working for them, making new discoveries about each other and the land day after day, digging it, now Janis! Sly Stone! The Airplane! The Dead! The Who! The Band! Hendrix—this is just the beginning—or the end—and we must now sit down and figure out how to make it work.

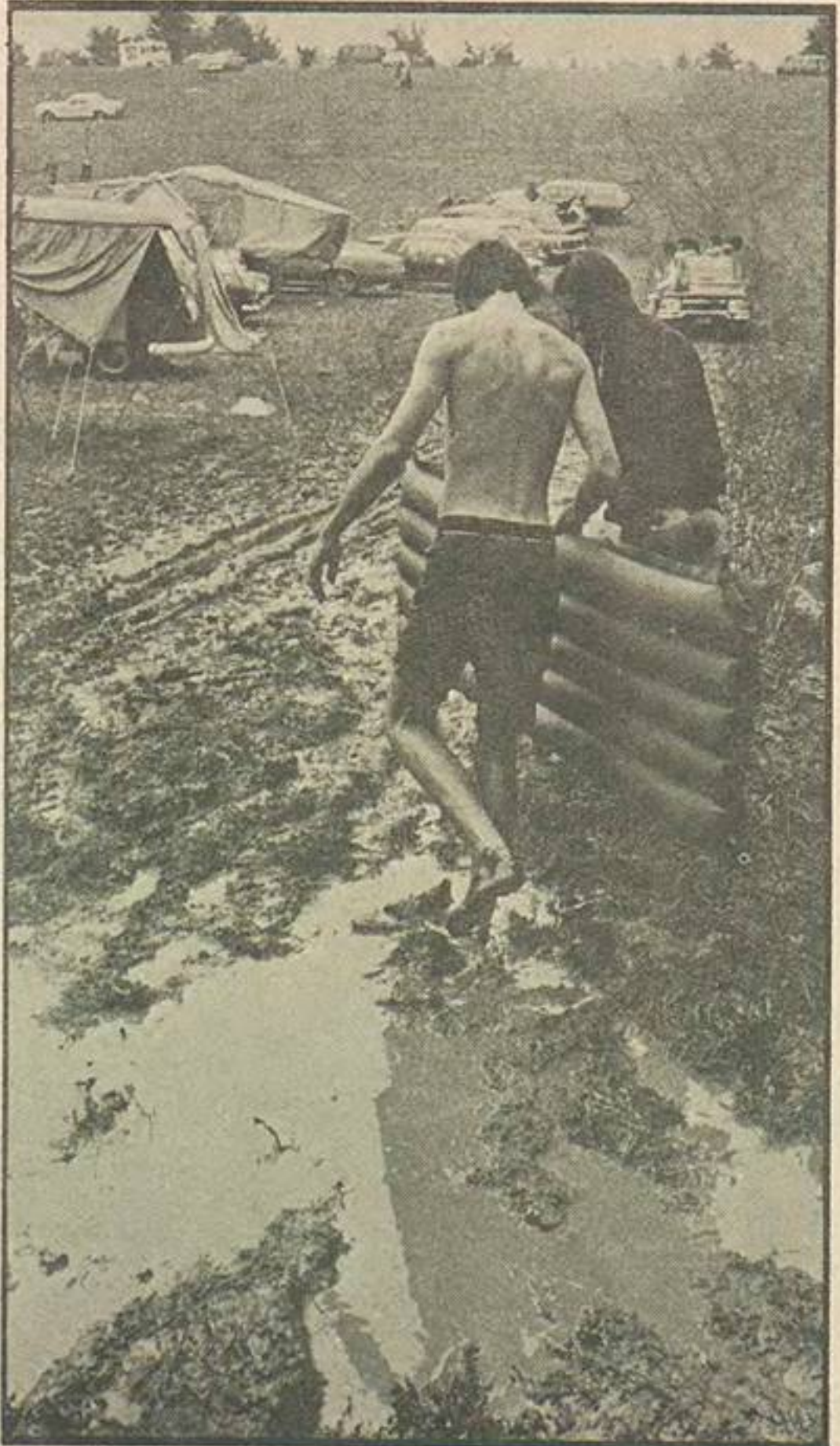


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JOE SOUTH



It was to begin, this Woodstock Music and Art Fair, at four PM, Friday, August 15th, outside Bethel (population 2,366) in Sullivan County, a Catskills resort area long patronized by the middle-class and middle-aged of New York City's more threatened neighborhoods. It had first been planned for the village of Woodstock itself, 60 miles to the northeast, and was then moved to Wallkill, 15 miles to the southeast. When the promoters were thwarted there by a zoning challenge, they packed up for Bethel, just short of a month away. 60,000 rock fans were expected.

On the afternoon of August 15th, at the point planned for musical departure, there was a mire of thousands and thousands of automobiles under the sullen sky, stretching two-lanes on a two-lane highway the 12 miles leading to Monticello, the principal town of the area.

By noon the day before, 25,000 campers had already invaded the fields surrounding the slopes that formed the natural amphitheater. Vegetable Farmer Herman Reinshagen and his wife, Minerva, reported with some anguish that the campers had been taking corn, cabbage, cauliflower, beets and carrots from their 250-acre farm next to the festival site since early Thursday. "There's hippies all over the place," reported Herman, "and they're hard to watch."

Eighty-one-year-old Bungalow Colony Proprietor Ben Leon wasn't much happier. "The sheriff promised me protection," he cried, "and I don't have it. Last night I was awake most of the night with these kids coming by and stopping here. They were making so much noise I had to come out with my 30.06 and I shot it ten times into the air. That got them moving. Ten, fifteen years ago, I could lick the whole bunch of them."

Indeed, the lack of security guards was bothering a lot of people. The festival promoters had arranged to hire 346 off-duty New York Policemen, at \$50-a-day each, to provide necessary crowd control. On Thursday, August 14th, New York City Police Commissioner Howard Leary suddenly decided to issue a reminder to all precincts of regulations barring the city's finest from moonlighting on outside security work. "When we lost the cops," said assistant producer Stanley Goldstein, "we lost the road. When we lost the roads, we lost control of the traffic. When that happened, we lost our supply lines."

In the end, local Sheriff Louis Ratner's own 100-man force was augmented by several hundred State Troopers and deputies from 12 other counties, to work outside the fair site. Off-duty policemen from an area reaching back to New York City genially patrolled traffic-strewn areas within the grounds, sporting red T-shirts emblazoned with the word *peace*.

Lost in that traffic was the opening act, Sweetwater, and their equipment. A helicopter was commandeered to airlift them out of the stoppage and into the stage area, three miles away. Richie Havens ignited the musical proceedings at 5:07 PM, after workmen finished outfitting the 80-foot-wide stage, and he was followed by Sweetwater; and Bert Sommer, Tim Hardin, Ravi Shankar, Melanie and Arlo Guthrie, and Joan Baez, who rendered a valued "We Shall Overcome" as her closing.

The two ticket gates, each with thirty entrances, had long before been overcome, obliterating the last barriers against this fair actually being a festival. "Something had to give," said administrator John Roberts, "and the first thing that gave was the money and ticket collection." But the fences and gates hadn't been installed with any great care in the first place, and late Friday evening it was announced from the stage that from there on in, all events would be free. And, by late Friday evening, the crowd had swollen to 200,000 within the grounds. An estimated 100,000 more were reported to be converging on the area, and the crisis reports started chattering out through the channels of the media.

The sanitation facilities (600 portable toilets had been spotted across the farm) were breaking down and overflowing; the water from six wells and parked water tanks were proving to be an inadequate supply for the long lines that were forming, and the above-ground water pipes were being crushed by the humanity; the food concessions were sold out and it was impossible to ferry in any more through the traffic; the

chief medical officer declared a "medical crisis" from drug use and subsequent freak-outs; police reported a shortage of ambulances, and those that were available had difficulty getting back to local hospitals through the metal syrup of the traffic jam.

Approaching midnight, while Ravi Shankar was playing, rain and lightning shot down from the sky, and water collecting in the canopy atop the stage threatened to collapse it. There were worried mutterings from the festival guards that the stage, built on scaffolding, might be starting to slide in the mud.

But, as the earth dissolved into slime, the crowd burst into a joyous community. In the dawning of the Aquarian Age, everyone was in the same puddle.

Although local residents were reported to be demanding 25c for a glass of water and \$1 for a loaf of bread and a quart of milk, on the festival grounds, sharing what you had—whether a bonfire, an apple or a joint—was the order of the night. One hundred members of The Hog Farm, flown in from their New Mexico commune by the festival promoters, served brown rice and bean soup from open vats. Containers were set out to catch rain water to drink and pass on. "You can go off and leave your stuff, and nobody touches it," said a 17-year-old Brown University sophomore. Life already being a disaster, within that concept you could only groove.

And the spirit of the gathering was beginning to permeate the outside world. The area's main switchboard had almost buckled from 500,000 long-distance phone calls Friday and, with awe in her voice, a local operator reported that "every kid said thank you."

"Notwithstanding their personality, their dress, and their ideas," said the head of Monticello's constabulary, "They are the most courteous, considerate and well-behaved group of kids I have ever been in contact with in my 24 years of police work."

"When our police cars were getting stuck," said another cop, "they even helped us get them out. It was really amazing. I think a lot of police here are looking at their attitudes." Richard Biccum, after his experience driving a busload into Bethel, declared: "I'll haul kids any day, rather than commuters."

"If these hippies bump into you," said a local resident, "they actually say excuse me." In supermarkets, reported housewife Minnie Schoen, they did not, like most vacationers, "push their grocery carts into your back to get you out of the way."

"These people are really beautiful," summed up the festival's chief medical officer, Dr. William Abruzzi. "There has been no violence whatsoever, which is really remarkable for a crowd of this size."

Saturday morning, a steely sun awoke the damp and chilled beautiful people camping in the fields. Those lucky enough found cars to sleep in, or had booked rooms weeks in advance. At the Howard Johnson Motel in nearby Liberty, where most of the performers were billeted, a party had been in progress through the night. At one point, Janis Joplin and Country Joe MacDonald wrestled onto a lobby couch and then disappeared.

In Monticello, one rock writer trudged into his motel at 8 AM, announcing that it had taken him from 4 PM until midnight to get through the traffic to the festival and, after abandoning his car, a five-hour walk back. "It's like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow," he sniffed. He eventually returned to the festival, unlike several thousand—out of the hundreds of thousands—who left in disgust.

"I couldn't see anything," snapped one 18-year-old girl on her return to New York City. "Everybody was talking and I couldn't hear. Whoever arranged it ought to be sued." And New York City Councilman Joseph Modugno called for an investigation of the festival by the United States Attorney General's office when his 19-year-old son Victor returned home ill.

But for every departee, there were another dozen trudging toward the site in lines stretching three and four miles into the distance. The Short Line—providing the only bus service from New York City—sent in 65 buses, at least one of them taking 12 hours for what is usually at two hour and twenty minute trip, before all further service to the festival was cancelled at the request of







Only the Strong survive.

Out of the hundreds of West Coast bands that were formed during the last few years, only a handful have gained national recognition. You can understand why. It takes a group that is both musically and personally strong to overcome the hustles and hassles involved.

C. K. Strong has more than survived. Their debut album exudes vibrant rock and blues. And a chick singer named Lynn Carey who effortlessly explores every note of her three-octave vocal range.

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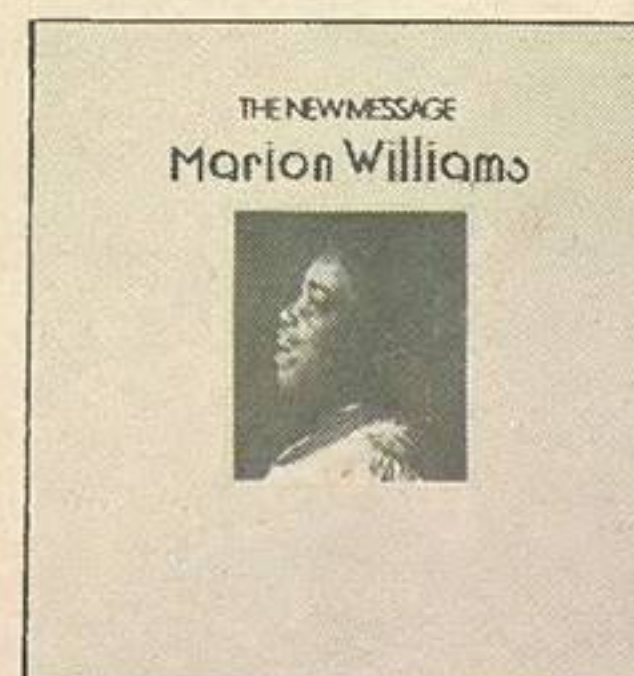


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Marion Williams

Marion Williams is one of the great singers of our era. She is musical purity incarnate. Her sound, intonation, diction, dynamics and interpretation are thrilling and chilling. "The New Message" is gospel, country and blues, as evidenced by such tracks as *Around God's Throne*, the traditional *The Great Speckled Bird*, and Bob Dylan's *I Shall Be Released*. Marion Williams' album "The New Message" is beautiful.





the police. "We're not driving into that disaster area," said a company spokesman.

At the Howard Johnson Motel, it was announced over a loudspeaker—incorrectly, as it turned out—that the area had been declared a disaster area by the state and that the National Guard was going to the site with food and water.

In fact, a petition to declare a state of emergency in Sullivan County had been sent to Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Aside from acknowledging its receipt, the Governor took no other action. If he had declared the festival a disaster area, the promoters would not have been liable for any lawsuits.

Meanwhile, the authorities continued to make urgent pleas for the "young people" to stay at home. Requests that would-be visitors stay away had already been broadcast on the radio Friday night, but in the next breath it was reported that it had become a free show. At one access road, the State Police stopped all incoming cars and asked the drivers to return home.

By Saturday noon, there were 300,000 people at the festival and another 100,000 trying to get there.

In addition to the mounting shortages of food and water and overtaxed toilet facilities, a new problem was developing: mounting piles of garbage. The few trucks that could get out were piled high with refuse. On the grounds themselves, it was an ever-expanding desolation row of empty soda cans. There were no collection bins anywhere within sight. "It's repulsive," summed up one 20-year-old Pennsylvania college student. At the end of the three-day event, festival officials estimated that the clean-up of the hillside, campsites and roads would take at least two weeks.

Casting an even blacker pall over the proceedings was the death of 17-year-old Raymond Mizak, run over by a tractor Saturday morning as he lay in his sleeping bag. He was rushed by ambulance to a makeshift landing strip where doctors pumped air into him with a small hand pump. His face was puffed and blueish; blood trickled from a corner of his mouth. He died minutes before one of the nine helicopters leased by Woodstock Ventures, Inc., landed to take him to a hospital.

On Sunday, there was a second death, from a drug overdose. And there were two births, one in a car caught in traffic and the other in a hospital after a helicopter flight from the festival. Four miscarriages were reported.

Fifty doctors were airlifted into the grounds in answer to an emergency appeal. Three tracheotomies were performed and other cases included pneumonia, a broken neck and a diabetic



coma. By the time the music had stopped, 5,000 cases, most of them minor, had been treated. Four hundred, however, were drug trips. Two Air Force helicopters from a nearby base shuttled the seriously stricken to an emergency clinic in Monticello and they ferried back two cargo missions of 1,300 pounds of canned foods, sandwiches and fruit.

"It's unreal," said 22-year-old Al Rich of Montreal. "I'm wet, fedup, tired, and it's beautiful."

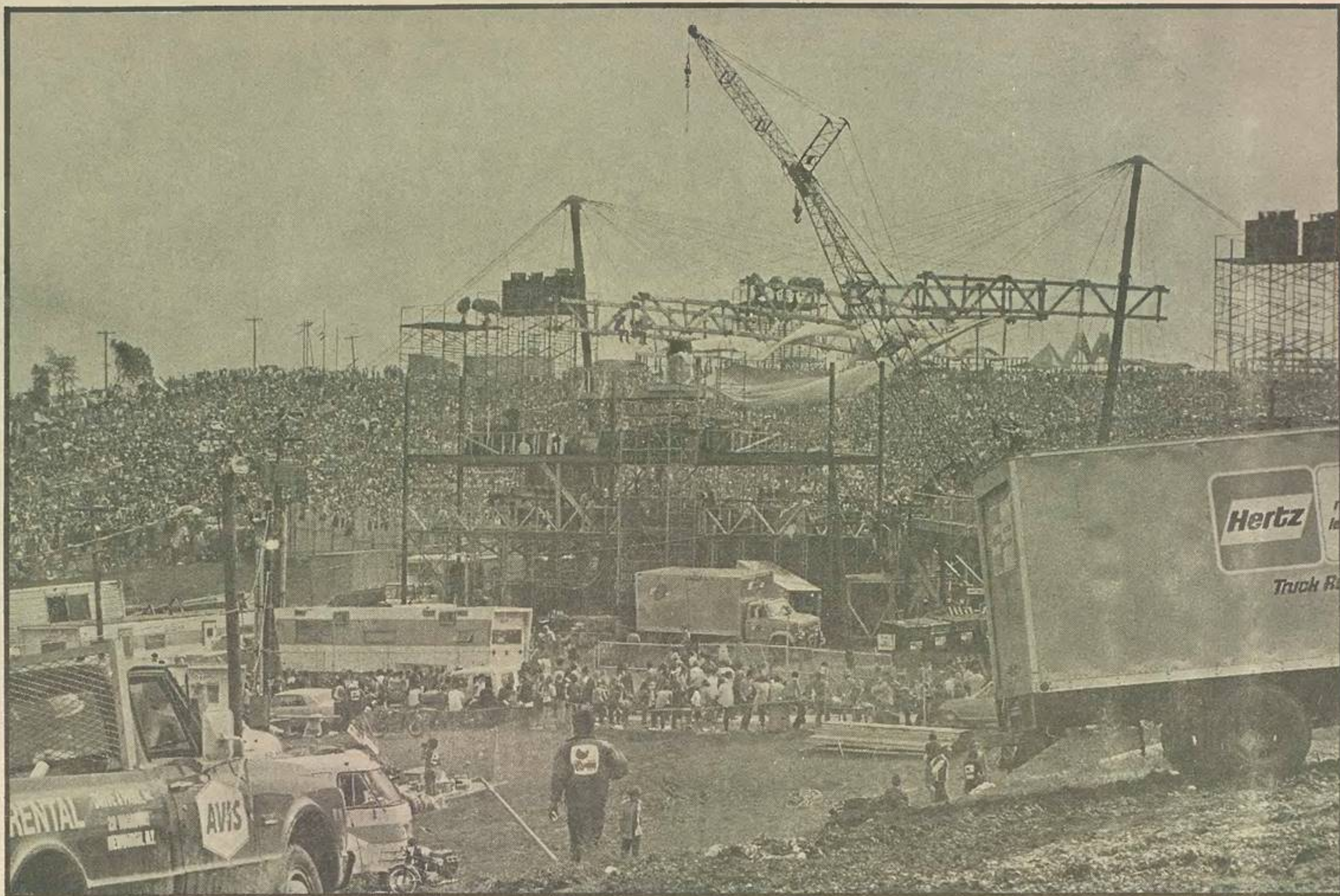
Whatever the statistics of the disaster, the spirit was of a long-awaited tribal gathering. In Leon's Lake, a quarter of a mile from the stage, throngs of the unencumbered skinny-dipped in murky water. Although the art of the Music and Art Fair was largely the audience itself, a bazaar of shops ricocheted through the woods, offering velvet dresses and fuck-you T-shirts, leather goods and jewelry, incense and Indian blouses. Deep into the woods, a stock exchange of dope was organized with heavy but good natured buying, selling and trading underway. "Get your opium . . . mescaline, mescaline, nice fresh mescaline." Prices, both there and in from free-lancers in the crowd, stayed at about \$4 a cap of acid or mescaline, \$15 for an ounce of grass. Only tobacco was in short supply.

Beyond the woods lay the Hog Farm encampment, an area of peaceful industry. Its members provided the most soothing refuge for the most stricken of the trippers. Their brown rice ran out and an oatmeal-raisin-sunflower combination, not particularly appetizing, but filling, was given out instead. Star performers and street musicians mingled and played on the commune's own small stage. Notable was the Quarry, which provided a heavy free-form concert most of Saturday.

Ringed the grounds were the encampments of the multitudes: Sears and Roebuck tents and skimpy plastic sheets and teepees. Huts made of bales of hay and elaborate found-object structures. Some inhabited campers and microbuses, others plunked sleeping bags on or under any surface large enough to accommodate them. A teepee was thrown up around a large elm tree and twenty campers comprised the spokes of a wheel, their heads toward the fire. A sign appeared: "Don't bother Max's cows. Let them moo in peace."

"It's just such an incredible unification," said one 20-year-old guy.

Saturday afternoon, the music festival resumed with the Boston group, Quill. In a bid for acknowledgment, they first threw their maracas into the crowd; missing a cheer with that, they then tossed out any available crap from the stage



they could lay their hands on. Country Joe Macdonald did an acoustic set on his own, offering his first number to Janis, at the end eliciting a happy-savages roar when he yelled out to the crowd: "Gimme an F" they answered—"Gimme a U"—they answered—"Gimme a C"—they answered—"Gimme a K"—and they yelled. "Now, what's that spell?" The shout rang out at least ten miles. John Sebastian, in what appeared to be Hawaiian pedal pushers, broke-into-song with "How Have You Been My Darlin' Children, While I Have Been Away." "I love you," he told the darlin' children and, Russian style, they applauded him back. They were bored with him, but he was one of them again, and was given that due.

Keef Hartley, from London, did a hard and brassy set; Santana Blues Band roused the crowd; the Incredible String Band only denied the crowd's need for excitement.

Between each set, lights man and production supervisor Chip Monck sturdily held the stage, making announcements and relaying distress signals: "Lisa Freytag, please meet Ron at the hospital right away." "A two or three year old girl is at the Hog Farm First Aid Station, and pretty unhappy." "Kenny Irwin please go to the information booth for your insulin." "Frank Conroy is at the car; there is an emergency in New York." "Paul Andrews, Mike needs his pills and will meet you where he did yesterday."

At dusk, a flouncing and bouncing Canned Heat hit the plywood stage, raising the mud-stained, sweat-splattered mass to its feet for the entire set. Movie cameras swept in; one cameraman and Bob Hite, each with their heads arched back, one to sing, one to shoot, met haunch to haunch in coital stalking. Behind them on the stage, Janis Joplin stood tensely motionless, her mouth set hard. Grace Slick, in white that stayed spotless, nodded. The rest of the Airplane and its coterie sat with her, despite requests from the stage managers that they leave, nibbling on delicate grapes, sipping lime juice from Garnier champagne bottles. These were the stars.

But the Star is still missing. There is speculation. He is going to appear. No, he is in Europe. No, he's at home. But he's not going to come because his son is sick. But he could come anyway, couldn't he.

Willingly or not, Bob Dylan was the presence hovering over this three-day jamboree. Aware of it or not, he is the elder of this urban tribe that is fanning away from the amphetamine-streaked



cities. If he has not imposed rules, he has offered himself as one, and the tribally tommed-tommed message of WOODSTOCK, Dylan's refuge, WOODSTOCK, Dylan's turf, WOODSTOCK, Dylan's bringing it all back home, was as much responsible for moving this massive surge of humanity onto a 600-acre farm as any advertisements, promotion, publicity.

But he never did appear. He had set off for Europe, intending to sail on the Queen Elizabeth on Thursday. But his son did fall seriously ill and, with his family, Dylan turned back from the ship to put the boy into the hospital.

And as darkness sucked the crowd into a monochrome lump, Canned Heat humped the stage with "On the Road Again," the spotlights buckshotting across the holy fools on their pilgrimage, illuminating waving arms at the distant top of the far hill, as toothpicks against toy trees.

As the night wore on, it was the Battle of the Bands; Grateful Dead, strained after Canned Heat, climbed out onto a limb with hopes that the audience would reach up to them; it didn't. Creedence Clearwater, clear and tight; a static Janis Joplin, cavorting with Snooky Flowers, her back-up band just that; Sly and the Family Stone, apart in their

grandeur, won the battle, carrying it to their own majestically freaked-out stratosphere.

The Who went on stage after Road Manager John Wolff, taking no chances, collected \$11,200 for their upcoming performance. In the midst of their set, Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman leaped onto the stage, grabbed a microphone and announced that the festival was meaningless as long as White Panther Party leader and MC-5 manager John Sinclair was rotting in prison. Peter Townshend then clubbed Hoffman off the stage with his guitar. That's the relationship of rock to politics. When a movie cameraman moved in on Roger Daltry, Townshend then kicked that man square in the ass and off the stage. There were no protests either time. Townshend's guitar was intact, however, allowing him to smash it to smithereens as the sun rose behind him. At 8:30, under a bright sky, Jefferson Airplane brought it to happily worn-out close.

Sunday morning, the Air Force helicopters brought in 300 more pounds of food, and residents of Sullivan County, who at one point were of a mind to wash their hands of the entire event, pitched in with donations. Thirty thousand sandwiches were prepared in Mon-

ticello by the Women's Group of the Jewish Community Center (dirty hippies are one thing, but hungry children are another) and they were distributed by Sisters of the Convent of St. Thomas. The festival management made an emergency expenditure of \$10,000 to hire helicopters to fly in food for sold-out concessioners, and hungry staff workers. The ex-officio guru, Dairy Farmer Yasgur, gathered together large quantities of butter and cheese until it was pointed out that the beneficiaries would have nothing to put the butter on. A relative then donated a car load of bread loaves.

But, if it was still more famine than feast, it was pot luck for the heads.

"There was so much grass being smoked last night that you could get stoned just sitting there breathing," one 19-year-old Ohio university student told the New York Times. "It got so you didn't even want another drag of anything." The newspaper then went on to explain that "'grass' is marijuana and getting 'stoned' is getting high on it." As its fillip, the newspaper with all the news fit to print reported that its own quick poll revealed that 99 per cent of the crowd was smoking grass. For those there, the only wonder was where it all came from considering the recently publicized drought. Certainly, it was there in profusion, and easily available in any part of the crowd.

The good luck extended to only a small number of arrests made in the vast underground farm city. In all, there weren't quite a hundred busts and only a dozen of those actually took place within the festival grounds. "We don't," said Sullivan County Sheriff Louis Ratter, "want any confrontations." More explicitly, a state police sergeant said: "As far as I know, the narcotics guys are not arresting anybody for grass. If we did, there wouldn't be space enough in Sullivan County, or the next three counties, to put them in."

And equal to the outside's anger and concern about the "drug menace" was its awe at the "politeness," the "good behavior," the "cheerfulness," the "lack of violence."

And the two were never connected. Sunday's marathon was opened by Joe Cocker, his fingers epileptic butterflies, his voice harsh and driving, but grey rather than black, driving home the absence of R and B artists. As with most of the festivals, white was right. No Sam and Dave. No Wilson Pickett. No Stevie Wonder. No Aretha. No Temptations. No Fats Domino. Which is perhaps understandable when the audience itself

BOOKS



BY TOM CLARK

TV Baby Poems by Allen Ginsberg, Grossman Publishers Inc. in association with Cape Goliard, London. New York, 1968. \$4.00 & \$2.50.

ARAM SAROYAN by Aram Saroyan, Random House. New York, 1968. \$4.95 & \$2.50.

In a world of instant electric communication everything is always present everywhere. And there is only one world, pulsing and vibrating its own message to itself. It is integral only as changing. The replication, quotation, of any form falls right out of the world. The TV Baby is a monster whose awareness has been replaced by the "intelligence" of the communication systems. Consciousness conditioned by the patterns it employs turns back, suicides itself as history. Police cordons around a Hell's Angels party or a Beatles concert (the subject of two of Ginsberg's poems) are diagrams

of this bad dream of order. Like governments, electric networks are connective powers as long as they are instrumental; given independence they are like the robot computer that pulls its cord and goes berserk. The Rosenbergs were "a big electrocution in every paper and mass media. Television was a baby crawling toward that death chamber." The TV Baby, disconnected from the cosmos, becomes the Gook Baby Victim: *One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you.* "Shift linguists," said Burroughs, "Cut the Word Lines!" Burroughs' proposition, that the tools of communication are themselves purposive organisms feeding on their human users, explains how the Baby turns into a television set, and then later a telephone, a newspaper, and so on. "It makes me crosseyed," Ginsberg writes, "to think how mass media assemble themselves like congolese ants to a purpose." Try listening to a few political speeches. This is definitely not what the Baby wants to watch at 7:30.

The word is an organism. Habits of language, such as multiplicity of thought, grow so familiar they are not questioned and soon are making you do something you haven't got any business doing. Try halting that sub-vocal speech or reading a book backwards. We think of reading as a linearly cumulative experience. The movement from line to line and page to page qualifies, extends and complicates, cluttering the Baby's mind with a lot of useless multiplicity (unplugging him). *ARAM SAROYAN* reduces the linear quality of the reading experience down to the Unit, where it no longer exists.

eyeye

What's at stake is the experience of oneself in time. We are used to the feeling of progression, successive bits and blocks of something going on around us and increasingly involving us, which is the normal way of being "inside" printed words. Saroyan's poems aim instead at the simultaneous and total. Only at the level of synapse, instant recognition, is there a historical change, according to the Baby.

ARAM SAROYAN is printed in a photo-facsimile of typewriter face. *TV Baby Poems* has a frontispiece photo

of Ginsberg with a smaller reproduction of the same photo printed inside his upraised hand. Fame is an electrical process much swifter than publicity, which depends on number and quantity. There is probably no difference between one neural cell and the universe, anyway. In this sense both Ginsberg and Saroyan are contemporary artists every time they have a thought. There aren't really any secrets anymore.

VOTS

The flowers smile
showing their gums
you walk around
them in shiny boots
to where I am munching
a duck salami sandwich
pale orange light
on library lawn
You smile
banging your mouth shut
I read
new Brautigan book
An old green bum
drinking Ballerina Vodka
can't tie his shoe
begins to cry softly
fucking shoe
blows his nose
in the Chronicle
We go off to see
Anna Christie
Garbo says
"vots de use"

—Larry Fagin

Denver

A picture of 1959,
a thought towards Taurus,
my mind is hers.
Through riff-raff songs ending
short,
her face
appears
and wanders
on my lips
a pretzel seemed delicate.

—N. Indiana



Pale Marble Movie

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

The room had a high Victorian ceiling and there was a marble fireplace and an avocado tree growing in the window, and she lay beside me sleeping in a very well-built blonde way.

And I was asleep, too, and it was just starting to be dawn in September. 1964.

Then suddenly, without any warning, she sat up in bed, waking me instantly, and she started to get out of bed. She was very serious about it.

"What are you doing?" I said.

Her eyes were wide open.

"I'm getting up," she said.

They were a somnambulist blue.

"Get back in bed," I said.

"Why?" she said, now halfway out of bed with one blonde foot touching the floor.

"Because you're still asleep," I said.

"Ohhh . . . OK," she said. That made sense to her and she got back into bed and pulled the covers around herself and cuddled up close to me. She didn't say another word and she didn't move.

She lay there sound asleep with her wanderings over and mine just beginning. I have been thinking about this simple event for years now. It stays with me and repeats itself over and over again like a pale marble movie.

**Outside there is land
that seems bent on making us all strangers.**

*Inside there is an Apple Orchard
where Ice-ripened metal music falls toward the sky.*

Outside there is a Policeman's Ball.

*Inside there is a Ground Hog
listening to the laughter
of his February shadow.*

Outside life is taken.

Inside life is given.

**Outside there's
So Little Time To Fly.**

*Inside a pure Cold Wind
makes the Spirit Clear.*



Clear Spirit.



ODE Records
Produced by Lou Adler.



MARK VARGAS

is largely white. But it is not explicable, when a darkie show such as provided by Cocker is offered as the forgivable alternative.

But the festival wasn't produced as a spirit-expanding musical experience in the first place. With their heralded under-30 grooviness, the four men who put the fair together contented themselves with being promoters of certified record company stars and token new, and white, talent. Tough shit for the kids crammed into the mud, waiting from 40 minutes to more than an hour for whatever act could be sent on next.

The proceedings were slowed even further Sunday afternoon by the advent of another rainstorm as Joe Cocker was finishing. The audience steadfastly waited out the deluge, dancing to hastily provided recorded music until Country Joe and the Fish scrambled on stage, offering a fast drum solo and brazen elan. One Country Joe and the Fish partisan attached himself to their on-stage exuberance and undulated into a psychedelic hula. Without missing a beat, he slipped out of all his clothes and, before an audience stretching into soggy infinity, wove his own melody of joy. Within the audience, another two young men, one black and one white, shed their uptightness with their clothes and, cocks jiggling, choreographed their own rain dance.

Promoter Mike Lang, choosing the only option beyond hysteria, stood mutely at the rear of the stage, deluged by his own problems.

With tickets at \$7 per show, or \$18 for all three performances, \$1.3 million was collected in advance sales. But when there turned out not to be any turnstiles to go through, there was no way to collect any more revenue. "This has got to be," said production area director John Morris, "the greatest freebie of all time."

On top of that, the size of the crowd that did appear blitzed whatever plans and budget could have been salvaged. The costs of the helicopters staggered into the tens of thousands of dollars. The food concessionaires, what with all their problems, declared that they were no longer going to share their take. There was the cost of providing and ferrying in food beyond what the concessionaires could handle, anyway.

In the end, expenses had amounted to \$2.5 million. Creditors descended on the business offices to demand cash or certified checks.

Everyone, said the 26-year-old Arthur Kornfeld, 24-year-old Mike Lang, 26-year-old Joel Rosenman and 24-year-old John Roberts, would be paid. Details would be forthcoming, they announced, as they steadily angled off on social importance and youth culture and sociological success.

And, on the Thursday following, in a Manhattan penthouse press conference, they announced, yes, indeed, it was all going to be all right. Debts would be paid "with assistance from banks . . . some of the principals have strong connections with banks." (The principal

with the most visible bank connections is John Roberts; his family has a proprietary drug and cosmetic business and he is head of a small investment concern. His own personal fortune is expected by some observers to be available for debits). Additionally, they said, residual rights for movies, records and books are the property of Woodstock Ventures, Inc. "You should expect an announcement soon, on the movie and records."

And, in front of a bank of microphones, his voice barely audible, cigarette-twisting Mike Lang allowed as, uh-huh, there's going to be another Woodstock Music and Arts Fair next year. August 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. Maybe even at Bethel. If the access roads can be improved.

The rain stopped, the stage was swept clear of water and the monster session lethargically cannoned back into the night.

At 10:30, Ten Years After had completed its set and Country Joe and the Fish theirs. They were followed by the Band, anticipated as much for the possibility that Dylan would appear as for their own touted but largely unknown talents. The crowd on the stage found more approbation for their relaxed set than did the mass in front of the Band until they climbed into and drove off "This Wheel's On Fire." That drew a howl for more, perhaps in recognition of their sponsor, perhaps for Dylan's still-hoped-for appearance.

Johnny Winter whacked out his country blues, his efforts appropriate

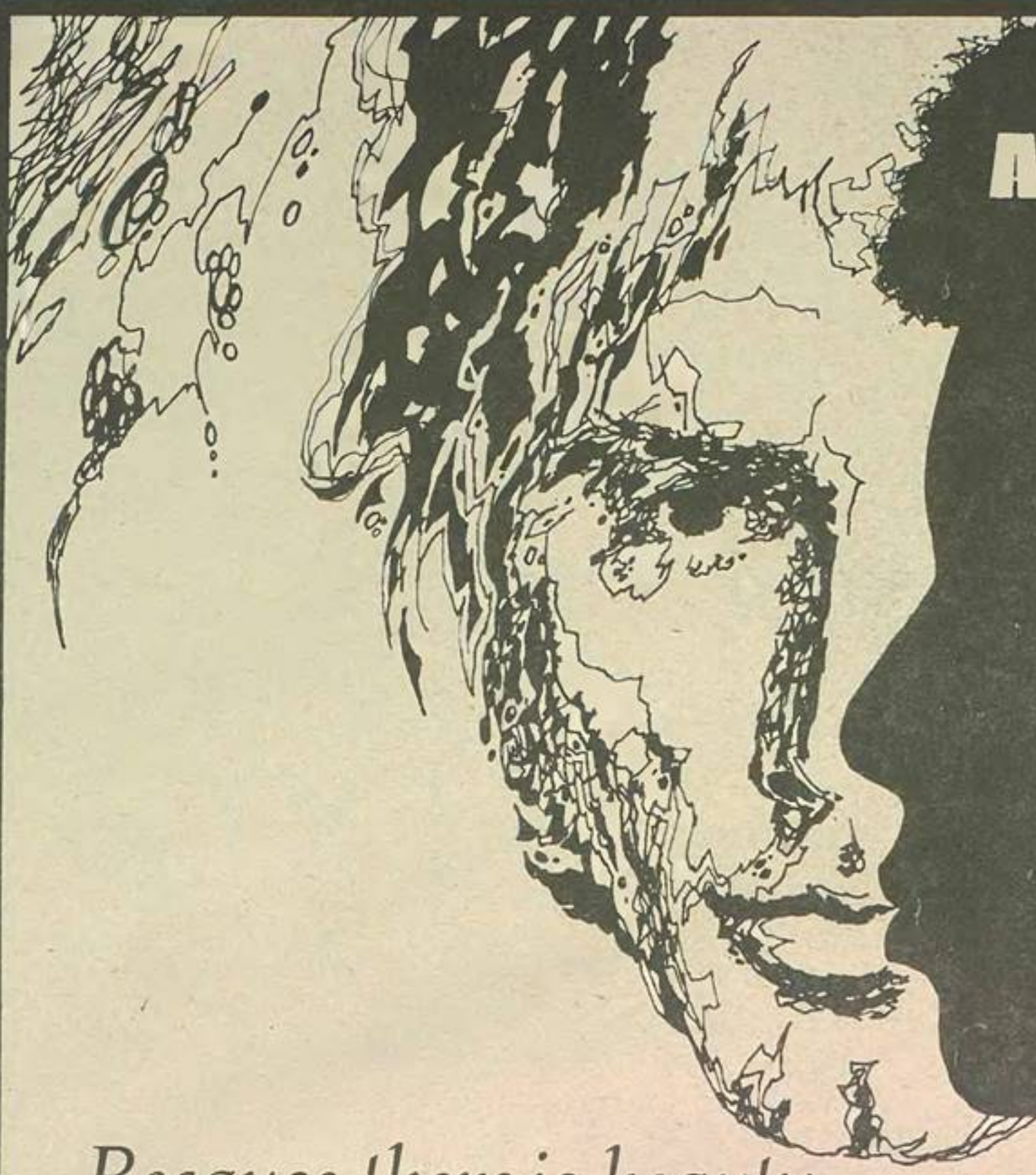
if not welcomed, and at three o'clock in the morning, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young made their second appearance on any stage anywhere. The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, unbilled and unexpected by the dwindling multitude that was now taking on the appearance of a ravaged refugee camp, did a two-hour set railing against a dawn harshened sky. Sha Na Na, a 12-man Columbia University combine, followed, limiting their exuberant nostalgia of Fifties classics to a half-hour run through. At eight in the morning the exhausted crowd could not absorb Sha Na Na's delicate camp.

And finally and finally, at 8:30, Jimi Hendrix, in turquoise and white, in velvet and suede, accompanied by Mitch Mitchell on drums, Larry Lee on rhythm guitar, Jerry Velez on percussion, Bill Cox on bass and Juma on flute, brought it all crashing to a two-hour close, finishing with the "Star Spangled Banner," "Taps" and "Hey, Joe."

Less than 30,000 were in attendance for this last gasp and most of them straggled off into now free-flowing traffic that passed the clutter of a civilization that had spanned its own eternity in three days. Toothbrushes, sleeping bags, rubbers even in 1969, apple cores and banana skins and squashed bread, abandoned and lost and ruined automobiles, trousers and belts and sandals, muddied newspapers already curling in the weak morning sun. Steam rising from the warmed sodden green fields, wiped out smiles. The stillness of disorientation.

It was over.

Hedge & Donna All The Friendly Colours



*Because there is beauty
In the sunlight and the shadow
There is Hedge, and there is Donna,
And there is their music.*



Available on Records and Tape.

LIP SMACKING GOOD



DAN HICKS & HIS HOT LICKS

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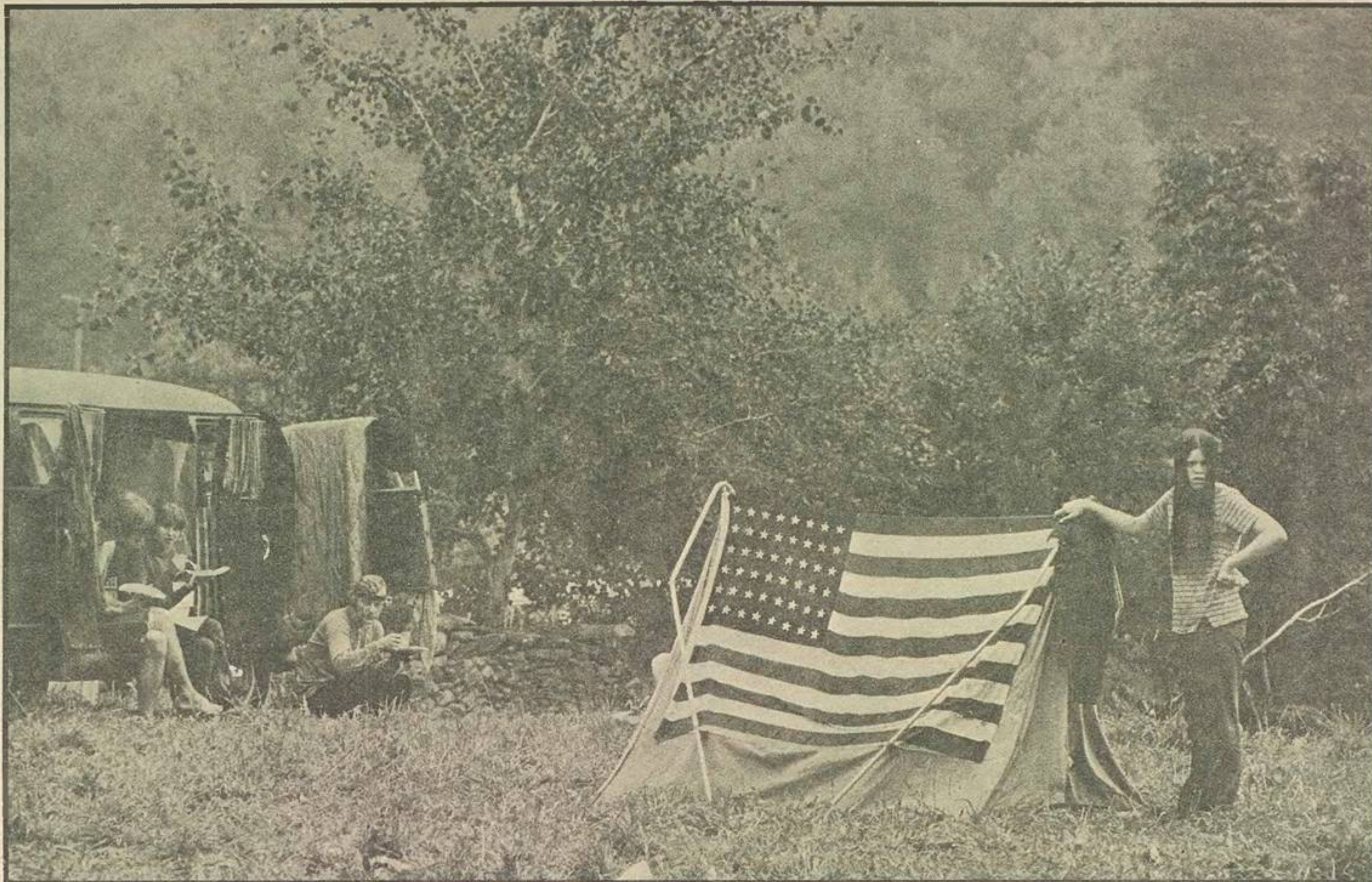


Conjure up a lazy summer afternoon out in the garden. A 5¢ glass of beer and all the free lunch you can eat. The deceptively simple sounds of a bygone era. With a slow, drawling smile under his straw hat, Dan Hicks sings about the

bane of "Canned Music" and the would-be blues of "How Can I Miss You When You Won't Go Away." Dan, Christina, Sherry, Jon, Sid and Jaime combine to produce music that is joyfully original in a style that is at once swing, country, jazzy, gospel and rock. Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks. Take a taste.

On  Records

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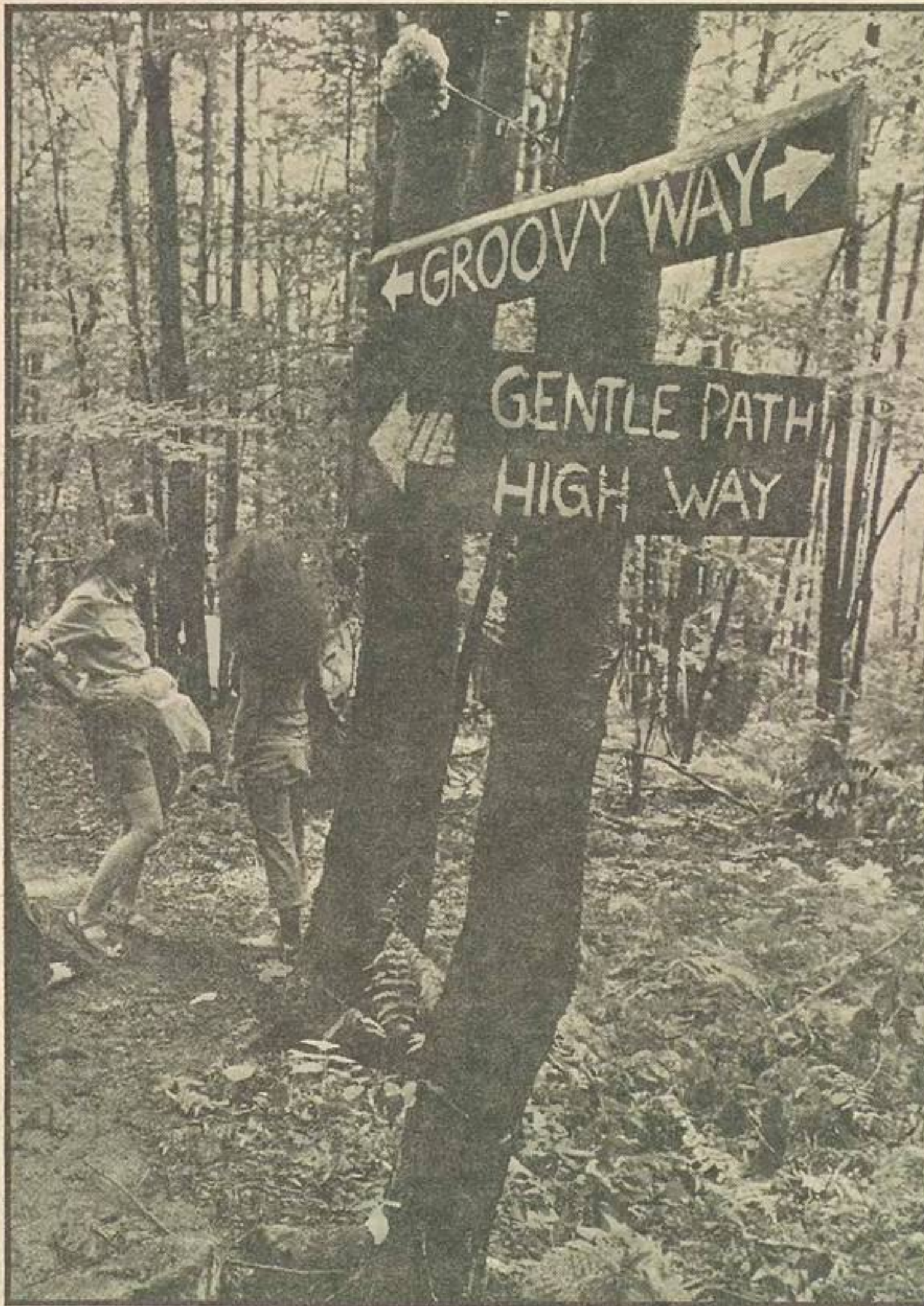
*I looked at my watch, I looked at
my wrist,
I punched myself in the face
with my fist;
I took my potatoes down to be
mashed—and made it on over to that
million dollar bash. —DYLAN*

by Andrew Kopkind

The Woodstock Music and Art Fair wasn't held in Woodstock; the music was secondarily important and the art was for the most part unproduced; and it was as much of a fair as the French Revolution or the San Francisco earthquake. What went down on Max Yasgur's farm in the low Catskills last weekend defied categories and conventional perceptions. Some monstrous and marvelous metaphor had come alive, revealing itself only in terms of its contradictions: paradise and concentration camp, sharing and profiteering, sky and mud, love and death. The urges of the ten years' generation roamed the woods and pastures, and who could tell whether it was rough beast or speckled bird slouching towards its Day-Glo manger to be born?

The road from the Hudson River west to White Lake runs through hills like green knishes, soft inside with good earth, and crusty with rock and wood on top. What works of man remain are rural expressions of an Other East Village, where the Mothers were little old ladies with sheitls, not hip radicals with guns. There's Esther Manor and Siegel's Motor Court and Elfenbaum's Grocery: no crash communes or head shops. Along that route, a long march of freaks in micro-buses, shit-cars and bikes—or on thumb and foot—passed like movie extras in front of a process screen. On the roadside, holiday-makers from the Bronx looked up from their pinocle games and afghan-knitting and knew that the season of the witch had come.

"Beatniks out to make it rich": Woodstock was, first of all, an environment created by a couple of hip entrepreneurs to consolidate the cultural revolution and (in order?) extract the money of its troops. Michael Lang, a 25-year old former heavy dealer from Bensonhurst dreamed it up; he then organized the large inheritance of John Roberts, 26, for a financial base, and brought in several more operatives and financiers. Lang does not distinguish between hip culture and hip capital; he vowed to make a million before he was 25, beat his deadline by two years, and didn't stop. With his Village/Durango clothes, a white Porsche and a gleaming BSA, he looks, acts and is hip; his interest in capital accumulation is an extension of every hippie's desire to



rip off a bunch of stuff from the A&P. It's a gas.

The place-name "Woodstock" was meant only to evoke cultural-revolutionary images of Dylan, whose home base is in that Hudson River village. Woodstock is where the Band hangs out and the culture heroes congregate; it's where Mick Jagger (they say) once ate an acid-infused Baby Ruth right inside the crotch of a famous groupie. A legend like that is good for ticket sales, but the festival was always meant to be held in Wallkill, 40 miles away.

By early summer, Woodstock looked to be the super rock festival of all time, and promoters of a dozen other summertime festivals were feverishly hyping up their own projects to catch the overflow of publicity and enthusiasm: Rock music (al fresco or recorded) is still one of the easiest ways to make money off of the new culture, along with boutique clothes and jewelry, posters, drugs and trip-equipment, Esquire magazine, Zig-Zag papers and Sara Lee cakes. But the Woodstock hype worried the burghers of Wallkill, and the law implemented

their fears by kicking the bash out of town. Other communities, however, were either less uptight or more greedy; six hard offers for sites came to the promoters the day Wallkill gave them the boot. With less than a month to get ready, Woodstock Ventures, Inc., chose the 600-acre Yasgur farm (with some other parcels thrown in) at White Lake, N. Y.

Locals there were divided on the idea, and Yasgur was attacked by some neighbors for renting (for a reported \$50,000) to Woodstock. But in the end, the profit motive drove the deal home. One townsman wrote to the Monticello newspaper: "It's none of their business how Max uses his land. If they are so worried about Max making a few dollars from his land they should try to take advantage of this chance to make a few dollars themselves. They can rent camping space or even sell water or lemonade." Against fears of hippie horrors, businessmen set promises of rich rewards: "Some of these people are shortsighted and don't understand what these children are doing," one said. "The results will bring an economic boost to the County, without it costing the taxpayer a cent."

The vanguard of freaks started coming a week or more before opening day, and by Wednesday they were moving steadily down Route 17-B, like a busy day on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The early-comers were mostly hard-core, permanent dropouts: Their hair or their manner or their rap indicated that they had long ago dug into their communes or radical politics or simply into oppositional life-styles. In the cool and clear night they played music and danced, and sat around fires toasting joints and smoking hashish on a pinpoint. No busts, pigs or hassle; everything cool, together, outasight.

By the end of the next day, Thursday, the ambience had changed from splendor in the grass to explosive urban sprawl. Light and low fences erected to channel the crowds without actually seeming to oppress them were toppled or ignored; cars and trucks bounced over the meadows; tents sprung up between stone outcroppings and cow plop. Construction went on through the night, and already the Johnny-on-the-Spot latrines were smelly and out of toilet paper, the food supply was spotty, and long lines were forming at the water tank. And on Friday morning, when the population explosion was upon us all, a sense of siege took hold: Difficult as it was to get in, it would be almost impossible to leave for days.

From the beginning, the managers of the festival were faced with the

A Promise Fulfilled



The Nazz

Somewhere in Boston Jon Landau must be smiling. Last year he gave an extraordinary endorsement to Nazz, a new group from Philadelphia. Their first album, **NAZZ**, carried his introductory notes which concluded: "And, before they are through, I think they will tear your head apart, and put it together again." Heads unexposed or as yet untorn in that initial offering should, with the group's second LP, **NAZZ NAZZ**, wonder if Landau didn't understate his enthusiasm.

As soon as you have the new record out of the album jacket, the bright red vinyl platter announces itself as something different. It is. Immediately apparent and exciting is the sound and production on this record, for which the group is also responsible. Songs flow into each other with effects that are subtle or sometimes startling but which make even the spirals seem an integral part of the whole experience.

Nazz is that rare group whose recordings seem to offer more with each successive hearing. When you first listen to "Forget All About It," which kicks off the new record, you may be too intrigued with the unusual harmonics to pick up on the challenging lyric. "I'm not crusading, not complaining... if you haven't got time to rest, then take the record off now..." What follows is music. Rock and blues and ballads and — happily — no politics, no pop cliches, and no psychedelic cop-outs.

"Not Wrong Long" and "Rain Rider," the next two tracks, prove at once that the second album is heavier. Arrangements show off the fact that Nazz are as impressive vocally as they are instrumentally. Most important,

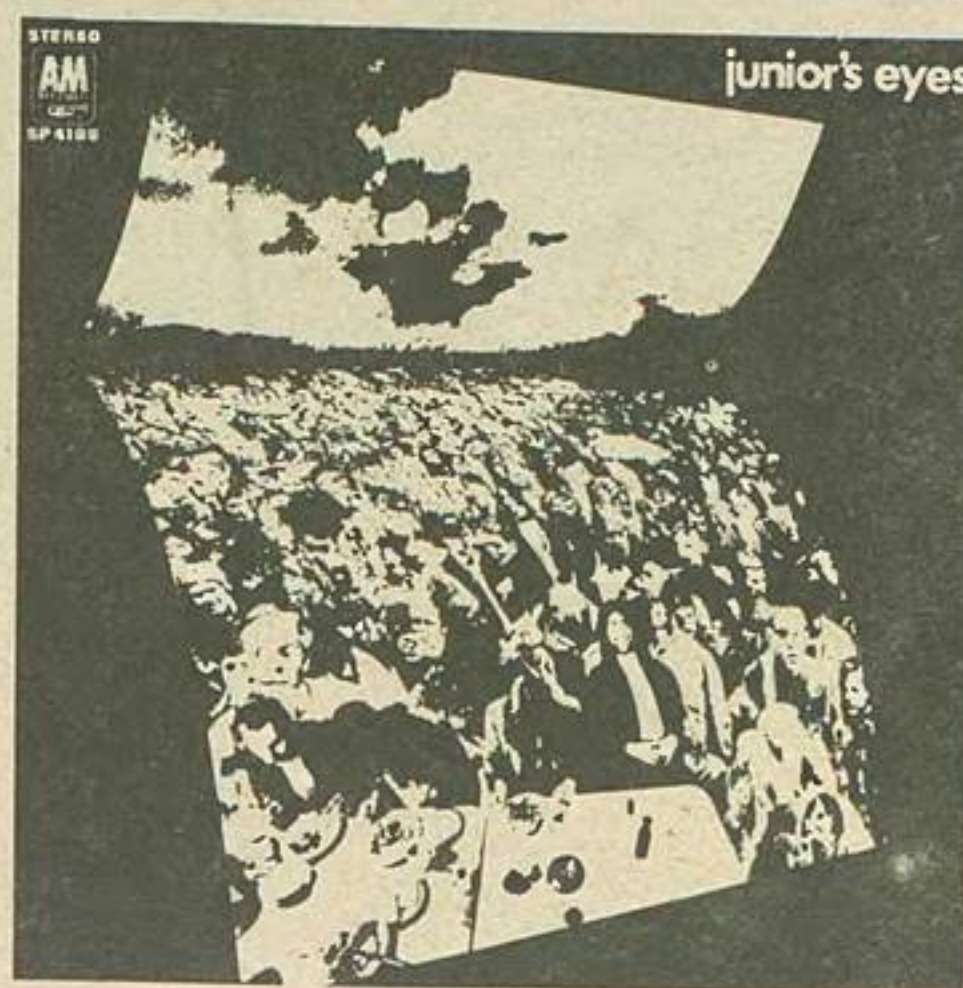
the sound is their own — refreshing, original and solid throughout. With "Gonna Cry Today," Stewkey suddenly reveals the difference between a competent singer and a fine artist. The ballad is an outgrowth of that soft Nazz sound which made "Hello Its Me" the big single hit from their first album. For a change of pace, "Meridian Leeward" has bass player Carson Van Osten singing lead on a comic tale of a pretentious pig who becomes, of course, a cop. With steaming white noise the track crashes into nearly six minutes of heavy Nazz rock in "Under The Ice." Few lead singers would attempt the singing, soaring high notes which Stewkey blends with eerie vocal backgrounds, all underscored by Todd Rundgren's dazzling guitar and one of the most driving drum tracks imaginable. Thom Mooney's staggering performance on the track has got to win him a place on anyone's list of top three rock drummers.

CHANGES/JUNE 1st, 1969



NAZZ NAZZ SGC SD 5002

SGC



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Side one, Battersea Power Station is in seven movements. It is a concept. A new one. If you'd like to hear it, call your radio station or call on your nearest record dealer.

Produced by Tony Visconti and Denny Cordell for Tarantula Productions Limited.





practical problem of control. Berkeley and Chicago and Zap, N. D., were the functional models for youth mobs rampaging at the slightest provocation—or no provocation at all. The promoters interviewed 800 off-duty New York City policemen for a security guard (Sample question: "What would you do if a kid walked up and blew marijuana smoke in your face?" Incorrect answer: "Bust him." Correct answer: "Inhale deeply and smile."), chose 300 or so, and fitted them with mod uniforms. But at the last minute they were withdrawn under pressure from the Police Department, and the managers had to hire camp counselors, phys ed teachers and stray straights from the surrounding area.

The guards had no license to use force or arrest people; they merely were to be "present," in their red Day-Glo shirts emblazoned with the peace symbol, and could direct traffic and help out in emergencies if need be. The real work of keeping order, if not law, was to be done by members of the Hog Farm commune, who had been brought from New Mexico, along with people from other hippie retreats, in a chartered airplane (at \$16,000) and psychedelic buses from Kennedy Airport.

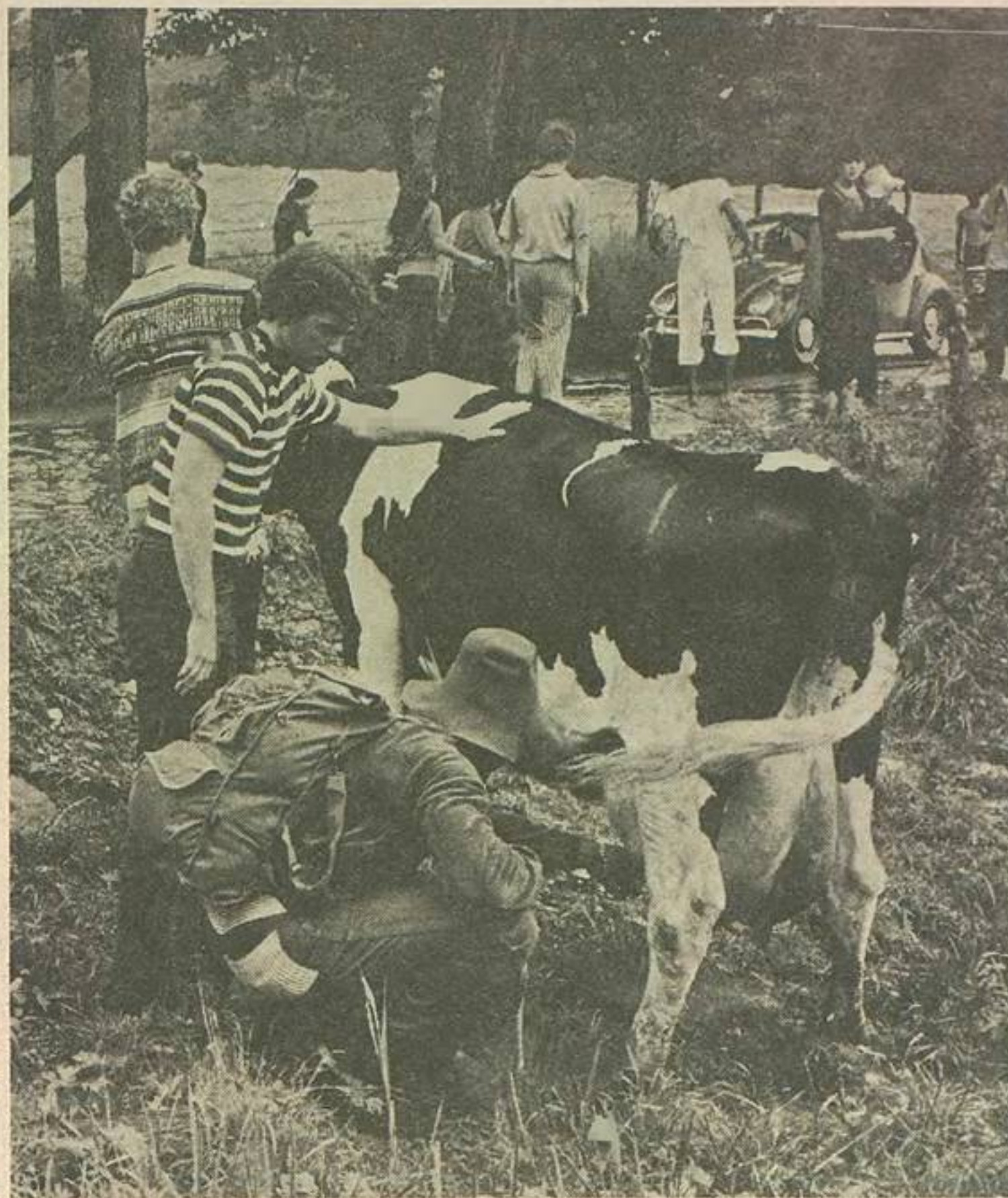
Beneath the practical problem of maintaining order was the principal contradiction of the festival: how to stimulate the energies of the new culture and profit thereby, and at the same time control them. In a way, the Woodstock venture was a test of the ability of avant-garde capitalism at once to profit from and control the insurgencies which its system spawns. "Black capitalism," the media industry, educational technology, and Third World economic development are other models, but more diffuse. Here it was in one field during one weekend: The microcosmic system would "fail" if Woodstock Ventures lost its shirt, or if the control mechanisms broke down.

The promoters must have sensed the responsibility they carried. They tried every aspect of cooptation theory. SDS, Newsreel and underground newspapers were handed thousands of dollars to participate in the festival, and they were given a choice spot for a "Movement City"; the idea was that they would give hip legitimacy to the weekend and channel their activities "within the system." (They bought the idea.) Real cops were specifically barred from the camp grounds, and the word went out that

there would be no busts for ordinary tripping, although big dealers were discouraged. There would be free food, water, camping facilities—and, in the end, free music, when attempts at crowd-channeling failed. But the Hog Farmers were the critical element. Hip beyond any doubt, they spread the love/groove ethic throughout the farm, breaking up incipient actions against "the system" with cool, low-key hippie talk about making love not war, the mystical integrity of earth, and the importance of doing your own thing, preferably alone. On the other hand—actually, on the same hand—they were the only good organizers in camp. They ran the free food operation (oats, rice and bulgar), helped acid-freaks through bad trips without Thorazine, and (with Abbie Hoffman) ran the medical system when that became necessary.

The several dozen Movement organizers at the festival had nothing to do. After Friday night's rain there was a theory that revolt was brewing on a mass scale, but the SDS people found themselves unable to organize around the issue of inclement weather. People were objectively trapped; and in that partial aspect, the Yasgur farm was a concentration camp—or a hippie reservation—but almost everyone was stoned and happy. Then the rain stopped, the music blared, food and water arrived, and everyone shared what he had. Dope became plentiful and entirely legitimate; in a soft cool forest, where craftsmen had set up their portable headshops, dealers sat on tree stumps selling their wares: "acid, mesc, psilocybin, hash..." No one among the half-million could not have turned on if he wanted to; joints were passed from blanket to blanket, lumps of hashish materialized like manna, and there was Blue Cheer, Sunshine acid and pink mescaline to spare.

Seen from any edge or angle, the army strung out against the hillside sloping up from the stage created scenes almost unimaginable in commonplace terms. No day's demonstration or political action had brought these troops together; no congress or cultural event before produced such urgent need for in-gathering and self-inspection. The ambiguities and contradictions of the imposed environment were worrisome; but to miss the exhilaration of a generation's arrival at its own campsite was to define the world in only one dimension.



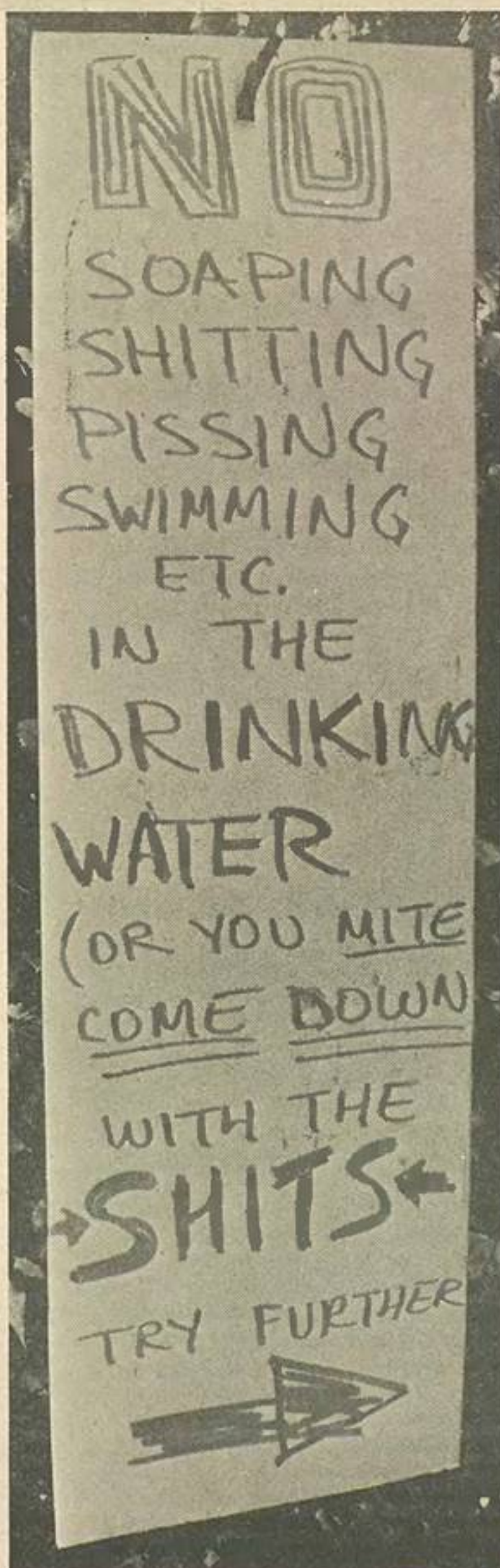
Although the outside press saw only masses, inside the differentiation was more impressive. Maybe half the crowd was weekend-hip, out from Long Island for a quick dip in the compelling sea of freaks. The other half had longer been immersed. It was composed of tribes dedicated to whatever gods now seem effective and whatever myths produce the energy needed to survive: Meher Baba, Mother Earth, street-fighting man, Janis Joplin, Atlantis, Jimi Hendrix, Che.

The hillside was their home. Early Saturday morning, after the long night of rain—from Ravi Shankar through Joan Baez—they still had not abandoned the turf. Twenty or forty thousand people (exactitude lost its meaning; it was that sight, not the knowledge of the numbers that was so staggering) sat stonily silent on the muddy ground, staring at a stage where no one played: petrified playgoers in the marble stands at Epidaurus, thousands of years after the chorus had left for the last time.

No one in this country in this century had ever seen a "society" so free of repression. Everyone swam nude in the lake, balling was easier than getting breakfast, and the "pigs" just smiled and passed out the oats. For people who had never glimpsed the intense communitarian closeness of a militant struggle—People's Park or Paris in the month of May or Cuba—Woodstock must always be their model of how good we will all feel after the revolution.

So it was an illusion and it wasn't. For all but the hard core, the ball and the balling is over; the hassles begin again at Monticello. The repression-free weekend was provided by promoters as a way to increase their take, and it will not be repeated unless future profits are guaranteed (it's almost certain now that Woodstock Ventures lost its wad). The media nonsense about death and O.D.s has already enraged the guardians of the old culture. The system didn't change; it just accommodated the freaks for the weekend.

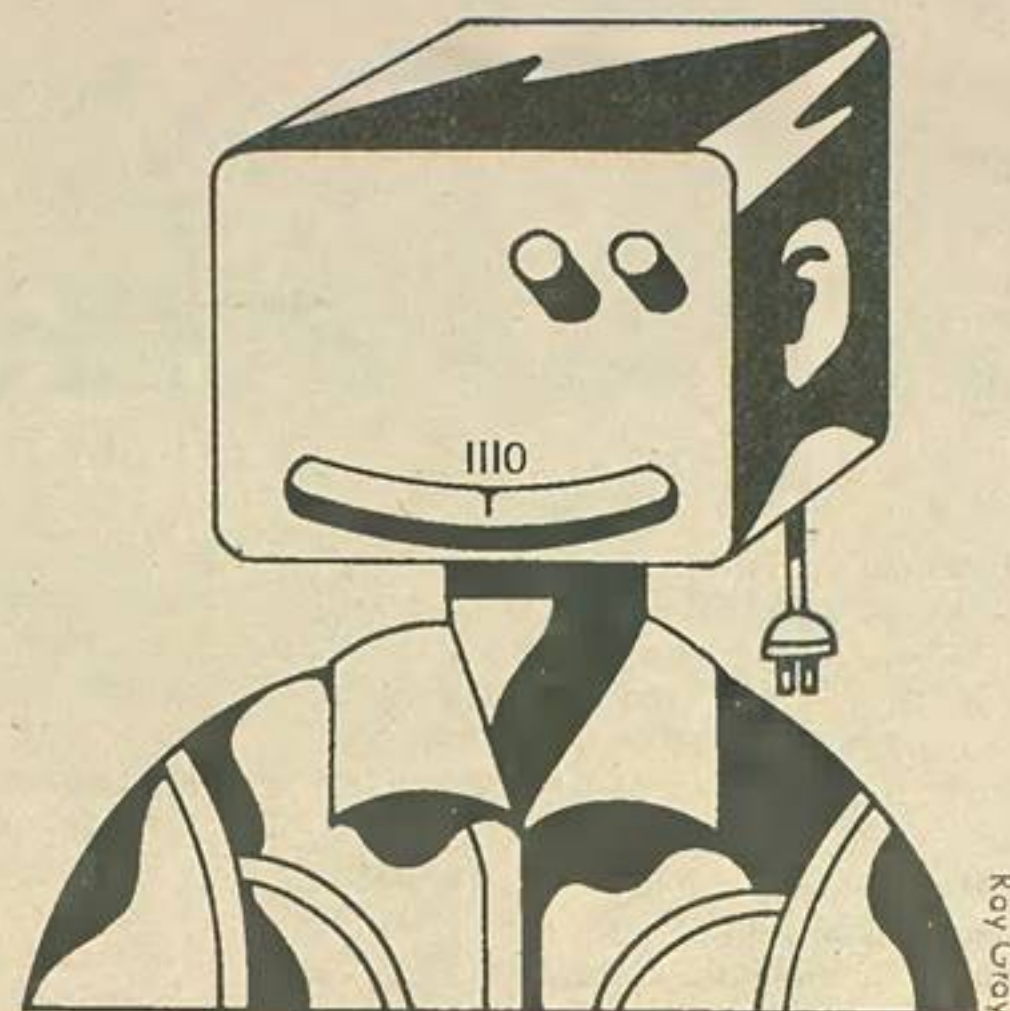
What is not illusory is the reality of a new culture of opposition. It grows out of the disintegration of the old forms, the vinyl and aerosol institutions that carry all the inane and destructive values of privatism, competition, commercialism, profitability and elitism. The new culture has yet to produce its own institutions on a mass scale; it controls none of the resources to do so. For the moment, it must be content—or discontent—to feed the swinging sectors of the old system with new ideas, with rock and dope and love and openness. Then it all comes back, from Columbia Records or Hollywood or Bloomingdale's in perverted and degraded forms. But something will survive, because there's no drug on earth to dispel the nausea. It's not a "youth thing" now but a generational event; chronological age is only the current phase. Mass politics, it's clear, can't yet be organized around the nausea; political radicals have to see the cultural revolution as a sea in which they can swim, like black militants in "black culture." But the urges are roaming, and when the dope freaks and nude swimmers and loveniks and ecological cultists and music groovers find out that they have to fight for love, all fucking hell with break loose.



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EARTH PROBE

BY COLIN MOORCRAFT—LONDON

ANTENNAE OF THIS MULTICELLULAR ORGANISM HUMANITY PROBE THE ENVIRONMENT NOT SO MUCH ARTISTS AS FEELERS NOT SO MUCH TRANSMITTERS AS RECEIVERS COMMUNICATION IRRELEVANT THOUGH INEVITABLE THE SENSUAL LABORATORY THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHEOLOGY AND THE RANDOM SAMPLES WE TAKE OF OUR ENVIRONMENT ARE DEVICES TO EXPAND OUR ABILITY TO ABSORB BECOMING INCREASINGLY UNNECESSARY UNTIL WE'VE THE CAPACITY WE BECOME ONLY SENSITIVE BEINGS TOTALLY PERMANENTLY OPEN TO EVERYTHING WITHOUT THE FILTERING OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SHOCK BARRIERS OR THE DISTORTIONS OF INTELLIGENCE OR DRUGS DISCOVERING JUST HOW MUCH REALITY HUMAN KIND CAN BEAR.

Text of telegram sent by Mark Boyle to Mike Jeffries (Soft Machine's original manager) in March 1968.

Mark Boyle's preoccupations appear to be the relationship of the individual to his environment and the relationship of the whole human race to its environment.

People can make themselves so sensitive to their environment that their existence is like continually walking down a street on a cold morning with no skin on.

'It's not as though the world is a grey place to live in. On a grey day when there are clouds overhead and the whole city seems depressing, you just need to start thinking of those clouds as swirling masses of gas. Then you realise that you are living on a rock which is surrounded by boiling seas of chemicals and that the rock is moving at fantastic speed. You realise that it is changing as you walk over it — I don't just mean a change over the centuries, it is sensitive, it changes colour and feel, it has pulsations of electricity and sound passing through it all the time. You notice protuberances which shoot up and shower green all over the place. They call them trees, a tree is like a firework that takes sixty years to explode. We've just got to open ourselves to it. If we bear this in mind a grey day takes on a totally new aspect.'

'If people say London is dull I say: "Stop! Look at the ground, get a magnifying glass or an opaque microscope and look at it. You will find that it is very, very exciting, wherever you are and whatever you are doing." We spend literally hours with an opaque microscope looking at random at whatever we find. It's one of the most exciting things to do.'

'The only thing you have to do in life is to do the most exciting thing you know how to do. If everyone did that we'd be away. The sad thing is that you have the feeling that there are a very large number of people who, for perfectly valid reasons, are doing things that they find extremely boring. And yet any job, anywhere, at any time, for anybody, can be very exciting.'

When Mark started to discuss his feelings about the human race as a whole the meaning of the beginning of the telegram emerged. 'I see the human race as a biological entity. Artists of every kind, and today nearly everybody is an artist, are antennae for this entity so that it is one big animal with millions of feelers. The antennae seek out information on the environment which is fed back to the animal which adapts itself accordingly. It is becoming more and more obvious, no matter how science fiction it sounds, that there is a kind of total consciousness. People do act as a race. The way the racial consciousness arrives at its decisions and its opinions depends on the information it is getting and therefore it is vital for each of us as separate antennae to feed undistorted information into the total biological entity. Every individual's response to the environment feeds back into the whole system and I don't think it's necessary for him to make a conscious effort to communicate his reactions — I think it comes through anyway. What's happening at the moment is that the media are distorting the picture. If you read about an incident at a Hendrix concert in Ohio the day after you happen to be there, you find there is no relationship between the account in the paper and the actual event; the same goes on in London, the same goes on everywhere.'

'The media people are not selecting in order to

present an objective truth, they're selecting in order to get more television viewers or more newspaper readers. It seems to me terribly important to the total consciousness, which is developing very fast in this race, that the information should be objective — in as much as that is possible.'

People everywhere should get into the habit of seeing with their own eyes and accepting only the distortions of their own senses. We are all seeing the world in a distorted way (even though the lenses we are provided with in our eyes are the



most perfect on this planet they have a certain degree of inaccuracy) but there is also a built-in inaccuracy caused by our heredity and our environment. We are all taught to see and hear things in certain ways.'

Mark Boyle seems to have started off as a one-man art-machine. Back in the fifties he wrote poems, painted, made constructions, assemblages, etc. Even then one can detect the seeds of his present activities: 'I remember once I tried to write a multi-ambiguous poem which would incorporate the whole of reality and mean anything to anybody.' It was in the sixties that he started to move away from the individual production of 'art objects' into group activities — known as 'events' to obsessive semanticists.

One of the early 1963 events was, 'Suddenly Last Supper'. A group of people — invited — showed up at Mark Boyle's flat. They were duly treated to a fine display of projections playing upon a variety of surfaces. The high point of the performance was the projection of a slide of Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus'.

Whilst being projected the slide was slowly burnt so that the image bubbled and became slightly distorted. Finally the image took on a peculiarly three-dimensional appearance and a nude girl who had been there all the time, in the pose of Venus, gradually emerged into view from the disintegrating image. When this was all over the spectators found that they were alone in the room. After a while they started to leave the room and found the rest of the flat completely empty: during the performance Mark Boyle had moved and taken every stick of furniture with him.

A less tricky but much more striking event was one referred to as 'street', which happened in 1964. On Sunday afternoon a group of people filed through a dingy back entrance marked, 'Theatre', into a dark building. They ended up in a black room sitting on rows of chairs facing a large pair of plush curtains. When the curtains were drawn the audience found themselves sitting in a shop window looking out into the street.

In 1966 he and his friends staged a performance which, although extremely eventful, was hardly an event, it was more like a string of events. The

performance at the Roundhouse was entitled, 'Son et Lumiere for Bodily Fluids and Functions'. It was an interesting example of how Boyle operates. There was little prior publicity of what would happen, if there had been they would never have been able to do it.

The bodily fluids were: Cattarh, snot, saliva, earwax, tears, urine, sweat, blood, sperm, gastric juices, and vomit. Contact microphones were used on the relevant parts of the body to amplify the sound and the fluids were magnified and projected onto a screen. Whilst a couple were fucking, their heads were wired up to an electroencephalograph, and their brain patterns and heart beats projected onto an enormous screen behind them. At the climax a slide of wriggling sperm was projected onto the girl. Some of the rest of the performance surprised Mark Boyle. 'When we micro projected the tears we were amazed when they actually crystallised in the most beautiful way!'

Out of these group activities grew the Sensual Laboratory. 'The Sensual

Laboratory' which is concerned with the light show and our theatre presentations, is run as a co-operative organisation. Everyone has an equal say and in fact I often get outvoted and am continually being told my ideas on certain details are too doctrinaire, so that I have to revise them.'

'We as a group, are trying to open out our sensitivity to our environment.' The Sensual Laboratory is best known for the environment it provides for pop concerts — i.e. for its light show. Boyle, however is no middle-aged groupie. 'When I was twenty I wouldn't have dreamed of going to a pop concert. Now I would go a long way to hear Hendrix play one note and stop. Everyone leans forward and realises that they've never actually heard a guitar sound like that before, and when you look at Hendrix you realise he's never heard a guitar sound like that before either. He does it again and again on that one note.'

He's found a sound and he's playing the most exciting way he can manage, in the sense of opening up his sensitivity to it. That's an experimental artist presenting his work.' It was Hendrix who asked Mark Boyle to tour the United States with him. At the time when he was asked, he had never heard one of his records. 'The first time I heard Hendrix live was at the Fillmore in San Francisco. I realised when I heard him that I had the great good fortune to be going around America with two of the best groups around: The Soft Machine and the Jimi Hendrix Experience.'

'The Institute of Contemporary Archeology' was founded to examine and concentrate on our present environment with the curiosity and concentration usually reserved for antiquities. There is a convention that the environment of the sixties consists of Daz packets, fruit machines, etc. On two 'digs' and on visits to numerous sites selected at random, the Institute has found little material to support this convention.

'We have two styles of doing a dig. One is to select a site that we think would be a groove to examine, and the other is to throw a dart into a map go to the spot and select a square at random, the square is then examined in detail. There have only been two so far. One was in an ornamental garden statue factory, in Shepherd's Bush which had been demolished. We wanted to take all these people along there and have them dig without knowing what they would find. Immediately it was finished we began to realise the potential. One random dig we had turned out to be at an



allotment garden in Watford. We got a scarecrow, some tools and a lot of very strange things. The place was covered with Victorian ornamental bedheads. We couldn't figure it out. Eventually, we realised that people were using them to grow sweet peas and beans on. This is what I mean by contemporary archeology.'

Earthprobe is the stupendous 25-year project which is at present blasting off into innermost space. We've been totally concerned for a long time with some vague idea about totality, of 'everything'. I'd written a number of things saying I wanted to include 'everything' in my work. I made various approaches and eventually, the idea of making random selections came. Initially I did this on a junk site and after that I spread to the area around my house. When the house was demolished it became obvious that having finished the studios in this area, to then settle in another area of London and say: 'Right, we're now going to do studies of this area of London' was a little ridiculous. Also with the light show and theatre pieces and the opportunities for touring that had arisen, it had become possible to do something much wider. It was of course our objective from the beginning to do something much wider. If you're going to do anything well, it's got to be the whole world.'

'Earthprobe is a terrestrial probe programme during which we shall examine and present whatever we discover on one thousand sites selected at random from the surface of the world. Initially the sites are selected with a dart in a map of the world. Then a dart is thrown into a large scale map of the area selected by the first dart. Finally, on arrival at the actual spot chosen in this way, a right angled piece of metal will be thrown down forming the bottom left hand corner of a square of predetermined size. We will visit each site with a mobile unit, an 'Earth-capsule' for the land sites and possibly a Baltic will be for the aquatic ones. We schooner equipped to make a relief presentation of the surface, an examination and presentation of all biological material found on the site, a film with the lens, direction, angle, etc., of the camera selected at random, another film with a 360 degree pan, infra-red photographs, various chemical and physical tests, a tape recording of sounds being made on the site and a record of my physical responses to the conditions of each site.'

'The films will be presented in the nature of a light show rather than a documentary film. We also intend to go to the nearest inhabited spot of each site and record the speech of the local people (talking maybe about local legends), and record music.'

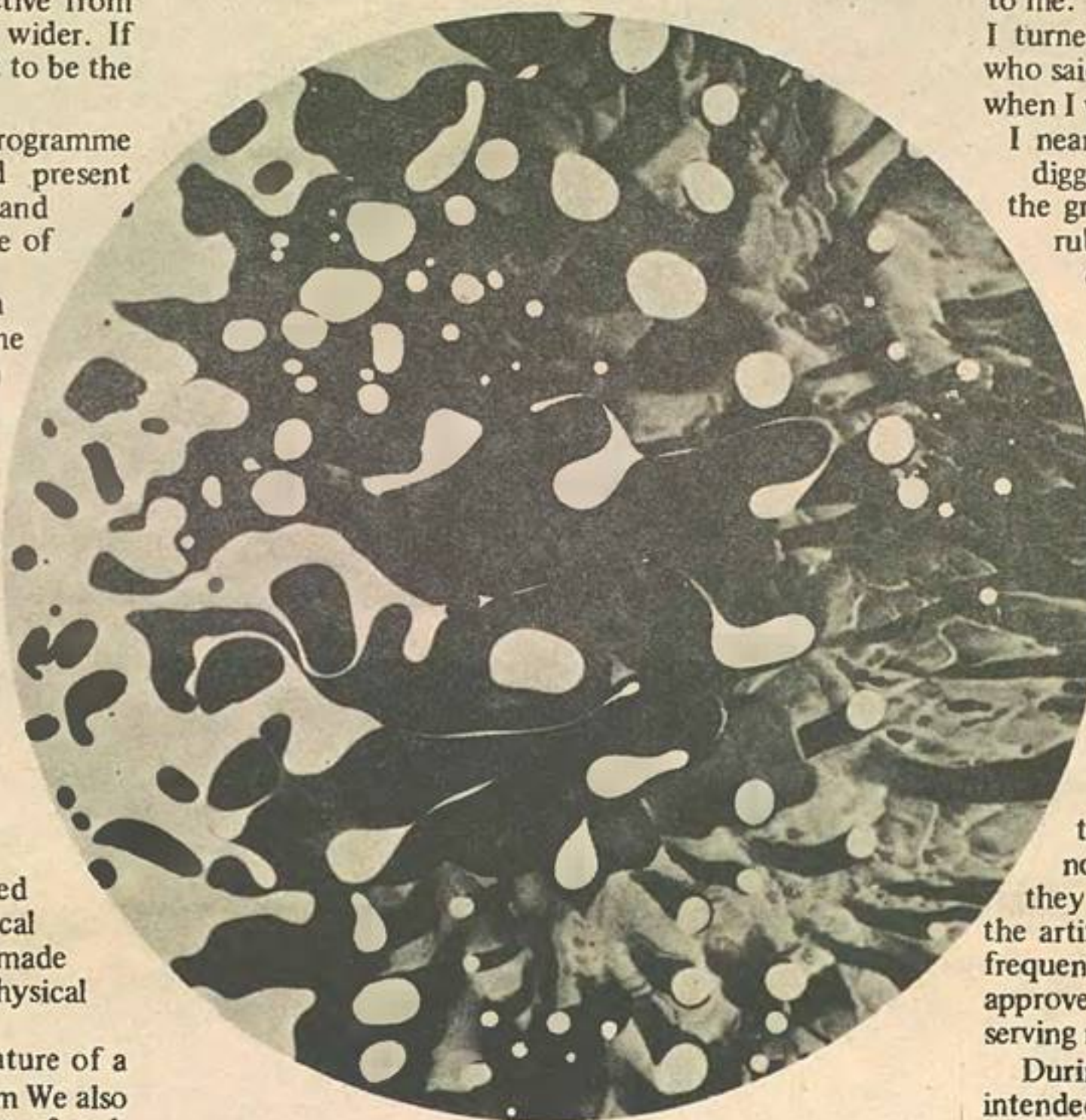
'Inevitably there are thousands of difficulties. A large number of darts have gone into the sea and there are darts in China and Tibet and so on. It must be remembered that within twenty five years the situation may change and we may be able to get into China and Tibet — equally in a few years we may all be living at the bottom of the sea and then we'll be able to do something down there.'

The launching of Earthprobe has taken the form of a continually changing eight-week presentation in the gallery of London's Institute of

Contemporary Arts. Basically, the presentation, which is called 'Journey to the Surface of the Earth' consists of the following: a square environment, a circular environment, some finds from the 'digs' heartbeat and brainwave records from the 'Bodily Fluids and Functions' performance, and a large map of the world.

The circular environment is a cylinder; forty foot in diameter and fifteen foot high. The vertical wall acts as a screen upon which four 16mm. movies are simultaneously and synchronously projected side by side. This results in a single ultracineramic image which completely surrounds anyone lying on the foam mats on the floor. The movies are made by the Sensual Laboratory, for the environment, and are accompanied by a selection of tapes.

One sequence of black and white film shows the broad ripple patterns formed on a body of water. Originally one ten minute sequence of a stretch of water was taken and cut into four sequences for each projector which are then run both backwards and forwards. 'An interesting thing is that at any moment you are seeing something that is the result



of something that has just happened and something that is the result of something that is about to happen. In the film we present water as a near abstract light show type of phenomenon. The total image has a polymorphous non-repetitive quality caused by positive and negative patterns and sub-patterns. The ripples roll into each other and from one frame to the one next door and so on. Once it

becomes involved the eye is carried from ripple to ripple round and round the environment in a weird sensory circus. A tape of Shepherds Bush traffic noises cuts into the ripple film, as well as a Soft Machine tape — after a while they both seem as if they were made for the film.

The rest of the black and white film shows particles of sand falling in slow motion, a slowly curving flame and a strongly roaring fire. Close attention to the sand film reveals individual particles which undergo sudden and mysterious changes in velocity and direction. Des Bonner of the Sensual Laboratory pointed out to me during the flame film that the flame displayed vortices remarkably similar to those shown in certain water and sand sequences. 'For me, and I think most people who have seen it, the biggest sensory knockout is the colour film of the Sensual Laboratory's light show. We see it in our own terms as an image of beyond. What it means we don't know but everybody gets this intimation of infinity from it.' You get people seeing the weirdest things. There was a guy sitting beside me yesterday who suddenly said to me: 'Do you know what that reminds me of?' I turned round and there was this whiskered gent who said: 'It reminds me of flak coming up at me when I was a bomber pilot in the war.' You know I nearly cheered because this guy was obviously digging it on a completely different level to all the groovers who were lying around on the foam rubber.'

The finds from the digs are a completely different experience from the 'Beyond Image' environment. The most striking 'finds' are plastic (Epikote) casts made on the sites. These are very large and minutely accurate. The walls of the gallery seem to be hung with strips of Her Majesty's highways — fags and all. I spent half an hour one day watching peoples reactions to these objects. I had half expected them to think 'How boring, a bit of road'. However, nearly everybody took a good look at them. Then I realised what was happening. They were amazed that such a good replica could be made (many had to touch the works to check that they weren't real bits of road). They were not digging the visual qualities of the road, they were far more interested to know how the artificial replica was made. I was reminded of a frequently used Boyle quote: 'I thoroughly approve of the Lyons girl who insisted that she was serving real artificial cream.'

During the course of the presentation it is intended to carry out a series of digs with members of the public. At the time of writing, darts have been thrown by blindfolded members of the public at a map of the area in the vicinity of the ICA. I'm glad there were witnesses present otherwise nobody would have believed where the darts landed. One landed in one of the world famous Trafalgar Square fountains and another landed in the ICA itself. The next step will be a minute examination of these sites. Another projected dig is Dig Mark II. This will take place at a randomly chosen site on Mark Boyle's body...

Members of the public have also been throwing darts at a large map of the world to locate the one thousand landing sites for Earthprobe. In August, the Sensual Laboratory will be setting off to the first of these sites in Iceland. They are then scheduled to go to the Hague and to Scandinavia. After that things are not yet clear. 'We could have our final presentation on the surface of the moon. Actually, we did write to those American guys asking them to bring us back a bit of the moon but we haven't had a reply yet.'



RECORDS

BY SUSAN EDMISTON

Richard Green was playing at an informal concert sponsored by Izzie Young at a small church just off Washington Square. Young had asked Jim Rooney, long a legendary figure on the folk scene as manager of Cambridge's Club 47, Newport Festival board member, and intimate of everyone from Bob Dylan to Buck Owens, to give a concert. Rooney, who had been collecting songs, singing, and playing guitar for years without himself venturing into the rocky shoals of show business, was not averse to giving an informal evening's entertainment. He selected 20 of the most exquisite songs in his folk and country repertoire, meticulously created his own vocal interpretations and brought together two of the most respected city-bred country musicians, Eric Weisberg on guitar and Bill Keith on banjo and steel, to accompany him. Five minutes before the church concert was to begin Rooney met Richard Greene on the street and invited him to join in on violin.

The sound system was bad, the church acoustics were worse, Rooney was grimly fatigued from a crisis the night before, but that imperfect evening was magic nevertheless. (It later gave birth to an album which will be released by Warner Bros. in August under the title *Sweet Moments*. The group insists on calling itself the Blue Velvet Band.)

And Richard Greene was something more. Like a character risen from *The Return of the Native*, he evoked the moor, the heath and the furze. That evening he might just as well have been silhouetted against a bonfire in Hardy's England a century ago as standing before the vestigial altar of an obsolescent Greenwich Village church. He combines classical training in an extremely difficult instrument with the ability to improvise with great inventiveness and virtuosity. Although his own group is Sea Train, he is currently being lionized in a variety of New York musical circles. His unique abilities are in great demand, sought after for everything from rhythm and blues to Gary Burton on whose forthcoming album he figures prominently. He has appeared at Newport twice this summer, at the jazz festival with Burton and at the folk festival with the Blue Velvet Band.

The strength of his musicianship is complemented by his extremely evocative visual appearance. In Richard Greene, judicious proportions have been sacrificed to expressiveness. His body is incredibly narrow for the six-foot-two-inches of his height. When he bends to his instrument, his torso, sinuous as a flame, responds in curves that seem to take no account of the natural anatomy of the human form. His face is long and narrow, his eyes almond-shaped, his hair a reddish-gold shrub. Someone once told him that Botticelli had painted a face that looked like his. The resemblance is instantly apparent to anyone who has seen the painting. It is an ancient face, also found occasionally on Roman sculptures of satyrs and fauns.

Like water, Richard Greene seeks the horizontal. He seldom can sit for long without sliding into the position nearest to recline the situation permits, as if his body, like a birch tree, were too attenuated to spend much of its time upright.

Assuming the psychoanalytic position on a convenient couch, sipping vodka on the rocks (his taste in alcohol is catholic; embracing also Irish coffee, rose wine, Jack Daniels and beer and Pink Squirrels), he began. His story is the classic, prototypical story of the American rock musician of the Sixties. Fostered in bourgeois comfort, alienated from it at an early age, finding meaning finally in music.

He was born in Beverly Hills, California on November 9th, 1942, and claims to be a triple Scorpio. When he was five, he began to study the violin. His mother sat with him when he practiced and hit him over the head with a violin bow whenever he made a mistake. When he was 13 and big enough to fight back, he quit.



briar Boys and told him: "I'm Richard Greene, I play violin. The Greenbriar Boys don't have a violin and I think they should have one."

They met for an audition. "They thought I played pretty good fiddle but not really *too* good. But they needed a bass player and I lied and said I could play bass." They arranged to meet three months later on the East Coast. Richard, who couldn't play a lick of bass, did some fast cramming and joined them in Woodstock. Then, they went on the road and he played a few numbers on bass and a few numbers on fiddle.

Throughout this period, Bill Monroe was his idol and one day a call came from Monroe's manager saying that he needed a fiddler for a concert in Montreal. Richard played the date and joined the band. When he wasn't playing solos, Monroe had him playing back up lines and sang things to him to teach him how to communicate feelings. "That was the year I actually became a musician," says Richard. He credits this training for anything he is able to do today.

He lived in Nashville for a year, playing the Grand Ole Opry, and for a while "it was ecstasy. I was totally free of the lies in the business world and was living my dream which was to play with Bill Monroe." There were hard times too. Despite its eminence, the band had little money—"it was a working man's working class band, we played small, rural communities." The group traveled in a big early Forties Greyhound bus which had no heat or air conditioning and consequently was always either extremely hot or extremely cold. The last three months of the year, they didn't work at all. Richard finally decided to accept an offer from the Kveskin Jug Band.

"The first two weeks it was great. We practiced, we were together, we got the music together. The next 11 months and two weeks it was terrible. We just went on the road and did our tunes. There was a general lack of inspiration." At the end of the year, the group had fallen apart.

During that year, rock had begun to attract Richard. "I had been totally against electrical music and any music that used drums. I thought drums and electricity were anti-musical things. But I slowly got won over—through my body, not through my brain. It was a fantastic experience once I opened myself to it. The very first thing that had appealed to me was way back in the Greenbriar Boys days. We played the Philadelphia Folk Festival and Mike Bloomfield was there. What he did, did something to me which took a couple of years to mature. It was a feeling he generated—a loud screaming thing. Now so many people do it. When I was with Kveskin, I began to realize that I could go out and do that too."

The violin comes to rock with some heavy advantages. Traditionally, it has been considered preeminent among European instruments, so special, in fact, that its connections have often been regarded as supernatural. Satan himself plays only the violin. In technical terms, the violin's reputation is due to its simplicity of material, beauty of tone and appearance, brilliancy, agility and emotional expressiveness.

"On a wind instrument, you can have an extended tone but you can't manipulate it," says Richard. "On the violin, you can slide two, three octaves and hit every frequency on the spectrum, an infinity of notes. On the guitar you have frets so you can't do that although you can create the illusion. I can draw hard bow strokes, make little dancing sprite-like notes, I can pluck the strings like a guitar or scrape them like a car against a wall."

Andy Kulberg knew all this from his days at the NYU School of Music and when he and Roy Blumenfeld formed Sea Train from their half of the Blues Project, he knew that he wanted a violin in the group.

Fire on the Mountain

"I didn't have that knack that makes a prodigy," he said, gesticulating from the couch. "I had barely enough talent to be better than the other kids in the school orchestra—but just barely."

When he got to college (Berkeley), a couple of kids he'd known at Beverly Hills High approached him and said they'd heard he played the violin. "They said, 'We like bluegrass music and we like to play bluegrass.' I said, 'What kind of grass?'"

"But I had no friends and I was miserable so I started to play with them. We'd go up on the roof of the dorm and practice. I had no feeling, no inspiration, nothing. I kept it up because they were my friends and I needed them."

("Richard can be difficult in daily life," says one friend. "Richard is very selfish," says another. "Richard is ego-centric." Today, he still vacillates between anxious efforts to please and defensive arrogance. "He'll almost stop short of hurting someone . . . but not quite." He does not yet carry his past gracefully.)

"One night I played on a radio program called Midnight Special. All the beatniks would come up and drink wine.

This was the first scene I was in. I found out I could have *hundreds* of friends, not just two guys. For the program I learned, note for note, a real fast fiddle tune—"Forky Deer." The notes didn't mean anything to me but everybody freaked. They never heard a fiddle before. What do folkies know?" The second tune Richard learned was "Fire on the Mountain."

It went on like that for several years. During the week, he tried to be a businessman or a college student (eventually dropping out of about six of them) and on the weekends he played "fast fiddle notes." Then one day he heard an old country fiddler named Scott Stoneman.

"Scott Stoneman made me swoon. He made me feel like I feel when I look at a woman I love. He perhaps is still, in my mind, the greatest fiddle player ever. He is a hopeless alcoholic, a hopeless weakling, a hopeless hobo and just a bum, but he could play the fiddle. It was pain and blues and strength and virility and lyricism. It was the first time that I was ever moved by music." It took Richard six months to give up everything else.

He called the manager of the Green-

JERRY WAINWRIGHT

"Anyone who's interested in classical music is aware of how limited the guitar is," says Andy. "A guitarist can't play that fast, that high, that scale. The violin is just very highly developed. It has the ability to be a central lead instrument and it's also very transparent, as is the flute." Andy asked his manager to find him a violinist.

"Out of the sky in a flash of businessmanship came Bennett Glotzer," said Richard, reclining in a booth at the White Horse Tavern. "He says he hears I play good violin and has a gig for me. He flew me out to California and I played for the first time in my life with drum and electric bass and electric guitar. I liked it. I found myself doing a thing, not musically but physically, I never did before. I was using more of my body to make notes come out. I was getting into, getting lost in it, getting immersed in it."

"Richard is a very gutsy violinist," says Andy.

A girl outside the White Horse pressed her face close to the window and stuck out her tongue at Richard.

"Why did you do that?" he asked her. "Because you turn me on," said the girl in yellow.

"I think music should give men erections and make women wet their pants," says Richard. He maintains that good music is like love in everything from its basic rhythms to its more complex overall structure. "Rock and roll is the amplification of the human heart-beat," he says. "As soon as acid happened, all the rest had to happen. As soon as you've seen the universal pulse, you see it all the time."

And the first vocalization of this rhythm, Richard believes, originated with the act of love. "The most musical and rhythmic of all sounds are those we make when we're making love, the grunts and sounds we make when we feel ecstasy. . . . Humans have obviously evolved in more ways than most people think—we're not just smarter, we're more animal too. We're it."

The ideal solo is precisely analogous to the sex act. "You have to start out low and carry the band and the audience with you very slowly—or you lose the audience. You build up slowly in all the ways you can think of. The volume increases, the notes get higher—but you can't stop, you have to bring it down for the next soloist. Within that structural consideration, you have to create music. Not only is that a good solo but it's a good song. The whole song has to do that too."

And like the transmutation of fire, the sensual lived to its fullest, the intense physicality of rock, becomes its opposite: the spiritual. "When I'm playing, there are moments of extreme ecstasy that are not physical, that make me smile as hard as I can smile, like flying. In order for that to occur, you have to be operating on all levels. Music hits a weird place between your mind and your body, in the middle, encompassing them both."

The heavy Chinese coins clattered to the floor again and again as Richard threw them, six times. The hexagram was Li, The Clinging Fire, changing into Lu, the Wanderer.

THE IMAGE: Fire on the mountain.

Miss Edmiston was formerly the editor of Eye Magazine.



Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs, Marty Robbins (Columbia CL 1349).

This rather elderly album is worth reviewing not only for its music, which is a delight, but because recent trends in rock make it much more relevant than it formerly was.

I always believed in the significance of this record because of two things. One, I truly enjoyed it for years. And two, it would, with reasonable consistency, clear my place of unwanted guests. It invariably

elicited a response I viewed as important. I spent a great deal of lethargic thought mulling over the unusual qualities of *Gunfighter Ballads*. I've played far worse albums that would be more negatively received, but this one would embarrass people, especially people concerned with being hip. The answer I came up with, and it's pretty lame, is that most everyone liked cowboy songs as a child, and to do so now would put them in fear of being childish.

So much for the motivation. The first thing that might come to mind after a single listening of *Gunfighter Ballads* is that Country and Western are quite different in nature, and to lump them together can be misleading. The Western ballad is of different descent than the Country music from east of the Great Plains. While the sentiment and thinking behind these songs is definitely Anglo-Saxon, the music, like the land from which they came, was swiped from Mexico. The most famous song on the album, "El Paso," has each verse set off by a most Mariachi-like guitar. Only the guitar is electric.

In fact, this is a very impure example of cowboy singing. It's double tracked, overdubbed and chorused to the limit. But, it doesn't pass the limit and all the electronics make it easier for rock people to listen to. It's a link.

But it isn't the production that makes this album great. Marty Robbins has put out the most intolerable Karo syrup with arrangements similar to these. It's that Robbins has a beautiful voice and these are great songs.

While it seems that about three-quarters of modern country music concerns itself with adultery and divorce, these songs have little of that. They are, like all good Westerns, filled with murder and mayhem, bronc busting and cattle rustling. In other words, they're suitable for children.

Robbins sings a fine ballad, one of many in existence, about the West's most celebrated adonoid moron from Brooklyn, Billy the Kid. He also does a high shimmering version of "Cool Water," one of the most recorded Western songs. There are two songs about land, which was a dominant force in Western life, and still is: "Down In The Little Green Valley," and "A Hundred and Sixty Acres," which, if you remember your American history, is the size of a home-stand.

But, except for those last three and one other, "Strawberry Roan," the other songs are about violent death, which actually shouldn't be too surprising in a record about gunfighters.

Fully four of the songs employ that device peculiar to Western songs, that of being related in the first person by an hombre who, we discover at the end of the song, is dead. Probably the most famous song of this type is "Long Black Veil," but fortunately that overdone cut is avoided and Marty does the following: "They're hanging me tonight"

"Running Gun"

"... A woman's love is wasted when she loves a running gun."

"El Paso"

"... one little kiss and Felina goodbye."

"Utah Carol"

"... on his funeral morning, I heard the preacher say, 'I hope we meet in Utah, in the roundup far away.'"

The best song on the record does not end in death but in conversion. Jesus doesn't too often have a part in Western songs, but when he does, it's a good one. In "The Master's Call" a bad guy goes straight. See, it happens one night when the cattle he's rustling stampede and head right for him. But he's saved by a bolt of lightning, and then "... another bolt of lightning showed the face of Jesus Christ." This is only one of many incredible lines. The song has to be heard to be believed.

One of the most unusual things about all the songs is the painstaking attention to detail within the lyrics. They are all chronologically arranged and nothing is elliptical, nothing is left to the imagination, as though they were written for children. But they are in no way childish. The melodies are frequently complicated and difficult to sing. They are like the songs from some of the Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard and Gene Autry-type of movies. Except that the quality of music is much higher.

Where this album differs from the country-rock and western-rock now being turned out by the Byrds, Poco and others is that these are primarily stories set to music. The instrumentation, while highly

polished and musical, is secondary. Rock, on the other hand, invariably subverts story to sound. In addition, there simply aren't any rock singers capable of such precise melodic balladry as Marty Robbins does. It's a different type of music. But since the arrival of the above type of rock, this record doesn't sound strange any more and people are quite willing to listen to it.

The only trouble is, I can't use it to get rid of people any more. But there's always the Sons of the Pioneers. . .

ALEC DUBRO



Let's Work Together, Part 1 & 2, Wilbert Harrison One-Man Band (Sue 69-SU-11).

Wilbert Harrison is one of the countless rhythm and blues stars of the 1950's who flashed briefly before our eyes and then vanished into oblivion. Along with Shirley and Lee, Huey "Piano" Smith, Buster Brown, the Monotones, and hundreds of other R&B singers, he gave us a couple of marvelous hit recordings, but could never sustain the impetus required to become a Chuck Berry or a Little Richard. His biggest hit, "Kansas City," ten years old, is still a favorite "oldie but goodie" on white pop radio stations. It is a sad commentary on the artistic sensibilities of these same stations that Wilbert's latest single, "Let's Work Together," has been greeted with almost total silence. Here we have what is probably one of the five best songs of the last year—listenable, driving, joyous music—which few listeners outside of the South will ever hear.

In recent years Wilbert Harrison has been struggling to earn his livelihood by playing small blues clubs in New York and along the eastern seaboard. His artistic inclinations as well as the press of financial necessity have led him to develop a "one-man band" format in which he plays drums, guitar, and harmonica. Unlike most one-man bands, however, there is none of the "Look, Mom! He's playing the zither with his little toe" balderdash. Just a solid but simple beat with wonderfully ragged blues and boogie chord changes.

Even though the record is augmented with a couple of overdubs, "Let's Work Together" shows how effective Harrison's one-man ensemble has become. After a shrill, twice-repeated fanfare by the harmonica and a few bars of the beat—chunk-ka-chunk! chunk-ka-chunk!—Wilbert begins moaning the lyric. "Together we will stand/Divided we'll fall/Come on people now/Let's get on the ball" Each word is carefully filtered through the nasal passages and then abruptly swallowed. Harrison obviously had the same diction teacher Jimmy Reed had. Simply priceless.

The music is good enough to make the words irrelevant, but the lyrics shine through as a kind of double bonus. Deceptively simple, they express a collection of affirmations about love and race in America which many performers have sought but few have found. "Let's work together/Yeah, let's work together/Together we will stand/Every boy, girl, woman and May-yan." At one point Wilbert's voice leaps an octave and a half from a C to a G, an event which accentuates the radiant happiness which each chorus builds. This is a song that lifts my spirits every time I listen to it.

And there's Wilbert yelling out during the instrumental breaks just like he used to. Who is the "Tina" he keeps shouting about? What is that word that no one could recognize in "Kansas City" which he calls out again and again in this one—"Mus Sack!?" "Mustache!?" "Musta!?" Five dollars to the first person who can tell me what it is.

As far as I'm concerned, Wilbert Harrison is back. I shall eagerly await the arrival of his new album which will be released in a couple of weeks. The fact that white middle class radio stations re-

fuse to play "Let's Work Together" is only further evidence of their moronic, tasteless programming. They can't tell the gems from the cow pies.

This wonderful record has been on the market for five months. If you want to hear it, you'll just have to shell out a buck.

LANGDON WINNER



Spooky Two, Spooky Tooth (A&M SP 4194)

Historians used to argue that British culture derived from the geographical fact that Britain is an island. The British have been explorers, traders, pirates, colonizers and empire builders, both conquered and conquerors; it isn't surprising that much of British culture embodies borrowings from other cultures. The language, the current religion, the art and the music owe much to influences from overseas.

The British blues circus, with its monster guitarists, is the most obvious example of eclecticism in British rock, but they are not alone, of course. The Beatles—original as they may be—are even more eclectic. They borrow from a much wider variety of sources than, say Ten Years After.

Spooky Tooth are four parts British, one part transplanted American, and spiritual nephews of the Beatles. Instead of the usual piercing guitar-lead, they rely heavily on keyboard instruments. On a few tracks, one can hear organ, piano, and the ghost of a harpsichord playing together. At its best the band sounds rich and complex; at its worst, they muddy their material and overplay it.

And all their material is their own—or is it? Spooky Tooth has borrowed from a wide variety of sources—gospel, country & western, the "San Francisco Sound" (yes, there is a San Francisco Sound), and even traditional British ballads. But Spooky Tooth has borrowed too well. Their most successful numbers are the ones which stick closest to their sources. "I've Got Enough Heartaches" is a great gospel number with an astounding vocal group singing the background harmonies (could there be a British equivalent to the Blossoms?) And the fine "That was Only Yesterday" is almost a country and western song—as close to one as British groups ever get.

But when Spooky Tooth tries to make its own sound it is less successful. For one thing, the compositions are rather dull. Sometimes, as in "Lost in My Dream," the essential dullness of the material is disguised by a genius in the recording studio and by a judicious use of synthesizers, but generally the material is left to stand or fall on its own.

The lyrics try to be far-out and literary, like Procol Harum, but mostly they end up sounding as conventional to our age as Tennyson sounded to his. One song, however, "Hangman, Hang My Shell on a Tree," justified the "Spooky" in the album's title—it sounds like a post-acid traditional ballad.

Spooky Tooth are probably great in person; their musicianship is excellent, individually and as a group. The lead singer is particularly effective, with a raspy voice and a clipped delivery reminiscent of Blood Sweat & Tears' David Clayton-Thomas, and with better lyrics he'd be dynamite. The excitement the band would generate in live performance might make up for the lack of musical daring. Two of their numbers, "Waiting for the Wind" and "Evil Woman" are the kind of songs that are best in a dancehall—long, open-ended pieces that allow plenty of space for solo work, music where everybody gets off, even if it takes all night.

Spooky Tooth stands in the shadow of its sources—the group hasn't quite managed the trick of absorbing material and making it their own, and their originality is not as brilliant as their borrowing.

DAVID GANCHER

Bongo Joe, George Coleman (Arhoolie 1040)

This is an album of vitality and mystery. The music of forty-six year old George Coleman/Bongo Joe as Satanic funk out of Doctor John or an earlier version of Arthur Brown's R&B voodoo. But the album gets away from these categories when one listens to Coleman's marvelously incisive monologues closely. Bongo Joe reveals his philosophy in a deeply echoing chant, singing over the boomings of his improvised drumsticks (the bottoms of hand oil cans filled with pebbles, BB shot, and rubber chair legs), which he beats on a fifty-five gallon Texaco Firechief oil drum that has been "shaped by a hand ax in a curious series of dents, bulges, cuts and wrinkles." This is the only instrument on the album and this is how Bongo Joe has performed since the mid-Fifties, setting up on various street corners, or sitting in at various coffeehouses and jook joints in the Galveston/Houston/San Antonio part of Texas. When Chris Strachwitz recorded him last December (and the recording is remarkably fine), Bongo Joe was working in Alamo Plaza in front of the Alamo!

Coleman's monologues and dialogues depict a satirical, humorous view of modern man in plastic America. There are comments on man's insufferable cruelty to man ("Innocent Little Doggy" and "Dog Eat Dog") and on our common-denominating mass media ("Transistor Radio"). The album from this point of view might be a relevant one to listen to after Dick Gregory's new two-record effort on Poppy. Gregory once worked in the classy nightclubs and lounges the insides of which Bongo Joe will never see. They are both on the street now, and both draw and fire from the same holster.

Musically the album is relaxed and rhythmic throughout. One cut, "Eloise," deserves special attention—it is the only number that Bongo Joe actually sings, and it comes across like early Chuck Willis or Little Richard in the midst of a jam—really natural, rootsy R&B. Maybe this facet of Coleman's material can be explored in a future album. In terms of pure music, however, the drumming is responsible for the success of this record. The liner notes try to fit Bongo Joe into some schematic pattern and talk about the "African Roots of American Black Music," whatever "American Black Music" is, but this is missing the point. As "Listen at the Bull" demonstrates, the drumming here is a free-form workout, with the only limits being the naturally evolving spirit of the songs. It is not self-conscious, as the liner notes seem to clinically imply, and it's lyrical in the true sense of the word, in that the music is not composed simply of repetitious stylistic mannerisms.

The "conversations" on this album may fade in time; there are numerous "contemporary" slang expressions ("What's new, pussycat?" "uptight," etc.) employed, but the delight, the verve and the hang-loose quality will not diminish. This album is where Bongo Joe is at now. In a year he will be in a different place. Like Woody and Cisco and Leadbelly he writes 'em and plays 'em as he goes along.

GARY VON TERSCH



Presenting Burton Greene (piss, I forgot the number—but the record stores are in the business, just ask them for Burton Greene)

I took this record home, but I didn't put it on just right away. For one thing, I was too stoned to function pretty soon and frankly, I just forgot.

Next morning, I put it on. I played it as background music, letting it insinuate itself quietly, naturally, into my morning routine. Usually, I shave, glance through the Chronicle, take a crap, and

think about things I should get around to doing.

There's a certain, very special kind of delight that comes from listening to a record you know you are never again going to hear. It's like meeting a drunken stranger on a train you took in error, or a long awkward conversation with a Baptist minister you come across by chance in the middle of Syria (both these things have happened to me). *Einmal, nur einmal*—"just once, once only," as Rilke said—a subtle, ephemeral pleasure that derives its charm more from the idea that in the future, you will not be experiencing this experience, than from the experience itself *qua* experience.

I never felt that I knew Burton Greene before hearing this record: now that I have, I find my mind filled with thoughts and feelings, all different, all the same. The important thing is to get them down on paper, and I'm sure I'll be able to.

This is a record you can't listen to too much. I found—whether shaving, crapping, scanning the Chron—that once in a while my mind would wander from its appointed task and mosey out, as it were, to the frontiers of the senses where it would contact the music: then, almost as quickly as it began, it would retreat foaming with thoughts and feelings. The image that came to my mind on reflection was of a snail nearsightedly (as if a snail could be nearsighted with those long eyestalks!) wallowing into a patch of salt. It must really be a strange trip for the snail, quite unlike anything else in his realm of experience, and certainly something to give him pause for reflection.

In the end, all music though is unanalyzable, invaluable. Burton Greene is an experience; this album is an experience. An experience like all experiences—\$3.98.

Trudy, Eleanor Roosevelt



Faithful Friends, The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble (Atco SD 33-294).

Sunshine and Shadow, Ars Nova (Atlantic SD 8221).

Ever since Leonard Bernstein discovered rock and roll, the "serious" or "classical" musicians who want to seem hip have been extolling its virtues and maybe even playing a little bit on the side. "See how nicely 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand' fits into that Schubert impromptu?" Well, uh...

Rock has plenty for composers to admire. Using a worn-out tonal system which hasn't existed in this basic form in serious music (I'll dispense with the quotes, but believe me, they're still in) for almost two hundred years—one which it has been fashionable to reject entirely for fifty—and employing rhythmic subtleties that are so subtle that you really have to be sharp to catch them, rock has managed to attract more people and more different kinds of listeners than any popular music form of the twentieth century with the possible exception of jazz, and even then you have to ask what kind of jazz. But who makes the rock music that these serious musicians admire so much? People like the Beatles and the Stones—not people like Ars Nova and the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, I'm willing to bet.

Both of these bands have several things in common. They are both made up of trained classical musicians and musicians with other (usually non-rock) biases. They both attempt a fusion of one or more musical idioms and wind up with a synthetic product instead of a synthesis. And instead of letting the music grow organically from the inside, they try to create it from externals. For instance, when the Stones sat down to write, say, "Honky-Tonk Women," do you think they thought in terms of creating an ambiguous tonality in the verse using two approaches to the third degree of the

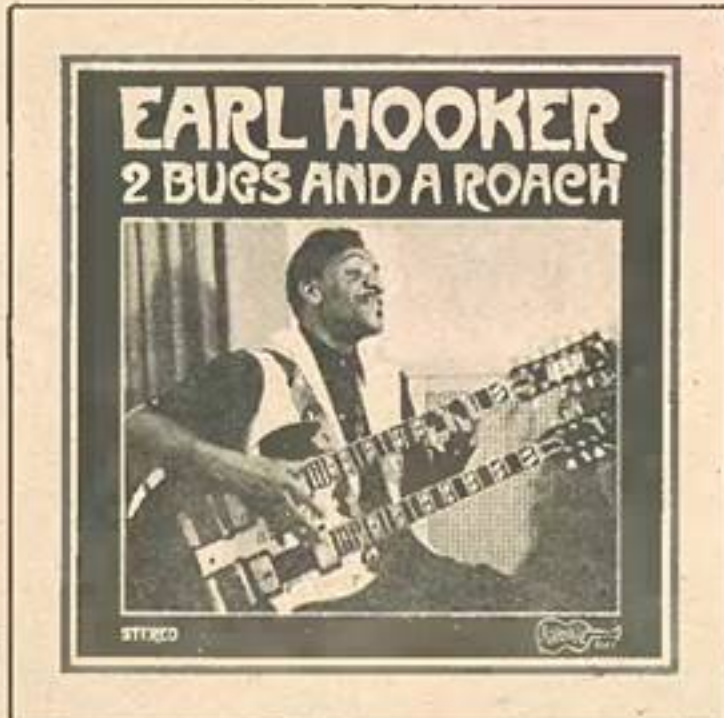
scale, and the various other tricks that hold the piece together? Hell, no! They probably just sat down and *did* it, developing it after trial, error, and deliberation. Now, both Ars Nova and the NYR & RE seem to be working from a very basic misunderstanding of what rock is all about—namely spontaneity. And it is just this spontaneity and organic growth that makes good rock so popular with the classical people. You can no more "just sit down and do" Webern than you can painstakingly work out a rock piece.

But here are these two groups attempting the impossible. The New Yorkers are by far the worse of the two. I have a hard time believing that they're serious about what they're doing. For instance, what sense is there to re-recording Hendrix' "Wait Till Tomorrow" exactly like the original (without its vitality, of course)? Most of the other songs are bland, with banal lyrics that might well have been written by a computer. Then there's "Brandenburg" (by Johann Sebastian Bach, Michael Kamen, Brian Corrigan, and Martin Fulterman; Coillion, BMI), in which they add a melody to the opening of one of the Brandenburg Concerti, I guess in an attempt to make it more palatable to rock people, although I can't see how it could swing any more than the original, and then they transform it into a rather ugly rock piece, completely destroying the subtlety and grace of the original. There are two more tries at classical music, an "aria" by Thomas Morely that sounds more like a madrigal rendered in a "dooby-dooby" Swingle Singers approach, and a movement from a Bach Trio Sonata that is introduced by a voice saying that they're gonna play some Bach—B-A-C-H-K. "Lead oboe over dere, riddum oboe over dere, and duh cello." In sum, a most offensive record.

Ars Nova is far more listenable. There is nothing to particularly offend and nothing to particularly inspire, either. The group uses classical theory and compositional techniques to produce a kind of cocktail rock. There are occasional excursions into jazz and Latin music, but the whole thing comes out sounding so smooth and slick that it is difficult to remember anything about it an hour after you've listened to it. The music is so laboriously planned out that there are no surprises and no jolt—none of the good things I associate with rock. Can you dance to it? If you learned at Arthur Murray's. Otherwise, it makes pleasant background music.

The moral to this tale is this—if you like classical music, get classical music, and if you like rock, get rock. There are no shortcuts to either and there is no middle ground.

EDMUND O. WARD



The Genius of Earl Hooker (Cuba KS-3400)

Two Bugs and A Roach, Earl Hooker (Arhoolie 1044)

At his best, Earl Hooker is a nonpareil blues guitarist. He has a flawless command of contemporary blues guitar idioms, is an imaginative and witty improviser and, above all, evidences a concern with touch, tone and amplifier sound that is almost unique among the younger bluesmen. And he's not afraid to take chances, to experiment with new tonalities and techniques. All of this has made him the unacknowledged compleat blues guitarist—unacknowledged, that is, except by his peers, for in Chicago he's considered the man to beat—he can do so many things so well, you see.

Outside of that small circle of friends, he's not terribly well known (though this has been changing lately as a result of his West Coast appearances). This may result from his not having enjoyed any great success with his records, most of which have been for small labels with little distribution and promo-

tional facilities. Then, too, his records rarely have excited, never have managed to successfully communicate the intensity he can generate when performing to an appreciative audience. His records have been strangely eclectic rehashes of successful pieces and styles associated with others; they've shown little of his own musical personality, though they've certainly been accomplished enough. On record, he's sounded like an extremely gifted copycat possessing little individuality.

I was reminded of all of this while listening to the *Cuca* album, a collection of 12 instrumentals with small group accompaniment. Again, there's no doubting Earl's proficiency but, equally, there's no doubting the tired, faceless, second-hand nature of the performances. There's not a bit of distinction or excitement to any of the tracks and damned little of Earl's personality emerges. For one thing he's much too subdued and preoccupied with playing "pretty"—in the most bathetic, obvious sense—and the band is totally subservient to his wishes. One listens to these performances with a mounting sense of futility: at just about every moment you expect Hooker to break loose, to get into some really powerful, gutty, direct playing. But he never does. His control is perfect, and, ultimately, self-defeating. One comes away from this meal of thin stew with the thought that, in a real sense, Earl's own virtuosity, his command of so many idioms (he even does a C&W number fairly idiomatically), has worked against him. This is the eclectic virtuoso's pitfall, after all.

Just how much of this is the result of the album's producer is anyone's guess, of course, but I would hazard that much of the difficulty with the album is due to misplaced A&R direction. I know Earl can do better than this and Chris Strachwitz did too, as witness Earl's album for Chris' Arhoolie label. There we have an entirely different kind of album, a blues album and a fine one at that.

The major difference between the two LPs is that the Arhoolie is a set of stone blues, with strong, direct playing, good, honest vocals and, most important, a real sense of commitment. It may not be the Earl Hooker album but it's very close. The product of three recording sessions, the personnel varies a bit from track to track, but the basic instrumentation is Hooker's lead, Fred Roulette's backup on steel guitar (fine, but under-recorded), Joe Willie Perkins on piano or organ, Geno Skaggs on bass and either Levi Warren or "Williams" on drums. Harmonica is added on a couple of tracks, Louis Myers handling this adequately on "Anna Lee" and Carey Bell turning in some really exciting harp work ala Little Walter on "Love Ain't a Plaything"—but Bell's vocal on this reflects an unfortunate Junior Wells influence, unfortunate in that it apes Junior's recent mannered approach.

Since Hooker regards himself primarily as an instrumentalist, he sings on only three tracks. He's a pleasant vocalist and turns in adequate work on Robert Nighthawk's "Anna Lee," which boasts slide guitar work in Nighthawk's distinctive style (Hooker learned from Nighthawk, and learned well), "You Don't Want Me," which has tasty Hooker wah-wah guitar, and the wry "Two Bugs and A Roach," actually a spoken exchange between Hooker and vocalist Andrew "B. B. Jr." Odom on the guitarist's long bout with tuberculosis (there's an instrumental version of this on the *Cuca* set but the Arhoolie version has it all over it). The instrumental "Off the Hook" is strong, as are the wah-wah instrumental "Wah Wah Blues" (Earl is one of the few bluesmen to turn his hand—or, rather, foot—to this and bring it off with taste and control) and "Earl Hooker Blues." Odom turns in a passable B. B. King imitation on "You Don't Love Me," with fine backup work from all.

This is a good, strong album of modern Chicago-styled blues from one of the finest instrumentalists in the idiom. The general level of the proceedings is very high, thanks to Hooker's instrumental skills and to the relaxed, perfectly complementary work of his fellow musicians, and I have no hesitations in recommending it to anyone as a fine introduction to the work of one of the most inventive Chicago bluesmen around currently. The *Cuca* set is expendable, but can be ordered directly from them at 123 Water St., Sauk City, Wis. 53283. Few stores will have it in stock.

PETE WELDING



Oar, Alexander Spence (Columbia CS 9831)

Poking around the shelves of bargain record shops, one will stumble across the wreckage of the rock and roll revolution—the hundreds of albums released in the last few years that no one ever listened to. Shoved against the wall, their hopefully outrageous psychedelic covers now limp and dull, one can almost judge the quality of the music by a glance at the jacket. And crammed in between the waste and the garbage are great records that got lost in the shuffle, LPs that had the misfortune to be released the same week as *Wheels of Fire* or *Cheap Thrills*: the already forgotten albums by the Good Rats, Bunky and Jake, and others. The hip FM stations never got around to programming them, Top 40 never heard of them, and the unlucky songwriters and musicians may soon be back toiling at the Sixties equivalent of the proverbial carwash.

Oar, the new album by Alexander (Skip) Spence of Moby Grape fame, will probably find its way onto the dingy shelves of the bargain shops—even a brand new copy may go for a dollar or less. "This album is an oasis of under-sell," read the liner notes (if that's true, it shouldn't be said, right?). Not many new LPs will sell less, I'm afraid.

Much of Oar sounds like the sort of haphazard folk music that might have been made around campfires after the California gold rush burned itself out—sad, clumsy tunes that seem to laugh at themselves as Spence takes the listener on a tour through his six or seven voices: a coughing, halting bass on "Diana," a withered, half-dead moan on "Lawrence of Euphoria," or a dazzling, lyrical wail for "War in Peace" and "Grey/Afro."

In one way, this album is a joke. It's so unpolished and rude (as in "rude hut") that it sometimes seems merely incompetent—one might sit by and crack up over every cut. "Uh, uh, Di-anna," lurches Alexander Spence, and if it's not intended as a good laugh on Neil Sedaka then it's just plain bad. Nothing on Oar is irritating, though—the music is quiet and insinuating, so if it's not great rock like "Omaha" or cute like "Funky Tunk," this is still real music, not someone's half-baked idea of where it's at.

Spence recorded in Nashville, but he didn't use Charlie McCoy, Kenny Buttrey, and Bob Johnston. He plays, sort of, all the instruments himself—bass, drums, electric and acoustic guitar—and produced his record. Sometimes his playing is about as good as Wildman Fischer, and sometimes he's perfectly brilliant. The end result is music that has the same tone to it as the tapes Bob Dylan records for fun and doesn't release.

Oar's greatest blessings are "War in Peace" and "Grey/Afro." They're quintessential Spence cuts—anarchic in conception but somehow holding on to form and rhythm in execution. I've never been able to figure out how Spence's most astounding compositions—"Seeing" from Moby Grape '69 and "Indifference" from Moby Grape—were ever performed, they sound like wild street fights, vocalists shouting back and forth, guitarists challenging one another for the lead, harmonies splitting the beat without a thought for the perfect order that's the triumph of Spence's revolutionary music. Spence triumphs again in Oar, though "War in Peace" and "Grey/Afro" are less immediate in their impact. "Weighted Down" precedes "War in Peace," and by the time it's over the listener may find himself half-asleep, only to be lifted out of the doldrums by the ghostly approach of Spence's electric guitar. Spence states a theme and then sets a mood, following it as far as it will go. His voice is another instrument—I've heard the record many times and not understood more than a score of the words, and though this may be an affront to Spence's lyrics more likely it's a trib-

ute to the seduction of his music. "War in Peace" is pure San Francisco in its sound, but San Francisco long after the scene and Spence himself have passed from it, and the song has a slow, aging glimpse of what the music was all about.

Oar presents some of the most comfortable music I've ever heard—it's not good old rock and roll, the way Moby Grape plays it anyway, but that line from a thousand old rock ditties, "I just can't explain, I'm goin' insane" might be the musical father to Spence's new music. This unique LP is bound to be forgotten—some day it'll be as rare as "Memories of El Monte," the tune Frank Zappa wrote for the Penguins. Get ahead of the game and buy Oar before you no longer have the chance. GREIL MARCUS



Pilgrim's Progress, Mark LeVine (Hogfat HLP-1)

Now here's a real underground album for you. Hogfat Records is a new label consciously dedicated to staying as far as possible from the usual record-industry fun-and-games (promotion, etc.); I believe their ultimate ambition is to find a means by which they can give their LPs away free. For the time being, they're being sold in a few stores, though; and I'm happy to say their first LP is delightful.

It's a quality product all the way. Mark LeVine, a singer/songwriter with a grassy hillbilly vocal style, is accompanied by the best studio musicians in all of LA: Larry Knechtel, Joe Osborn, Michael Deasy and Ry Cooder to name a few. It was recorded in Hollywood's highest-priced studios. Yet what comes out is a righteously funky, real garage-type sound, which is, when you get down to it, absolutely perfect for LeVine's style. (Most of our "hip" record companies would have smothered him in a pillow of soft plastic; thank heaven for Hogfat.) Between the vocals, the musicians are often given space for some neat jamming.

But LeVine's words are the real essence of the album. Most of them are about himself, but he speaks so candidly and brashly that he remains engaging, even when his wit crosses the line into sophomoric. One appealing theme ties several of the songs together; LeVine's intention of abandoning urban civilization to go live off the land. Pastoral poetry is nothing new, but LeVine makes it work. The last song, "Periwinkle Blue," brings it all together in a riotous crescendo of colorful language. The last stanza could be the Verse of the Year; after hearing those four lines it's very easy to forget all the mistakes LeVine makes earlier in the album. Ry Cooder tops it off with the best guitar solo he's ever recorded.

Pilgrim's Progress isn't a perfect album. It could stand considerable pruning (it runs well over 50 minutes as is). But to me, anyway, it's a precious one.

BARRET HANSEN



Rhythm & Blues, The End of an Era, Vol. 1, Various Artists (Imperial LP 94003)

Keep your feet on the floor, Because blues and rhythm is stealin' the show . . .

Get way back and clap your hands, Do the camel walk until you meet your man . . .

The Jewels, 1955

At first glance it's hard to believe that this album even exists. There have been so many cop-outs lately—major labels content with merely oldies albums of the sure-thing solid-hit variety, filled with material usually easily available on 45's and other LP's. And the approach of such records is generally very catch-as-catch-can, with very little scholarly interest devoted to continuity, a sense of era, or a sense of mood. And yet here it is—an album of mainly un-issued sides by early R&B vocal groups, pre-Coasters, pre-Moonglows, pre-Drifters, superb, unique combos from a ghostly era all their own, groups about which most of today's listeners know little or nothing.

End of an Era is presented in a well-documented fashion, with extensive, informative liner notes and a compendium of the titles of the remaining un-issued sides by the groups in question, with matrix number, group personnel, dates, hometowns. All of the sides have been culled from the defunct West Coast Aladdin label and from the catalogues and vaults of Imperial. These cuts offer listeners an excellent chance to hear what went down in those halcyon days of rock and roll and R&B from 1952 to 1956. And these aren't the sure-thing hits of the era—these are flip sides and nitty gritty rarities for collectors and aficionados of those zoot-suited, white-buckled, sequined duck-walking times. One might venture the statement that this is the first oldies album with that vital element that so much of the music really has—atmosphere.

Back then all the R&B 45's actually did have "two sides"—the ballad side and the jump or novelty side—and the groups all had elaborate vocal and visual mannerisms (authentic remnants of this ancient showmanship can be seen in the ageless explosions of James Brown and His Famous Flames, and to some extent, in the Ike and Tina Turner Review).

Driving, intertwined saxophone solos dominated the jump/novelty sides, while a simplistic and enchanting one finger piano wandered through the ballad sides. A cappella and spiritual echoes vibrated in the tempos and in the choruses that backed the lead vocalist, who somehow always seemed to be singing like he really meant it—sometimes even the old Ink Spots technique of the emotion-charged spoken interlude was employed for greater effect. Listen to the Shaweez' 1952 version of "No One to Love Me"—it features, in addition to the interlude, a weeping vocal which was an oft-used piece of gimmickry back then—remember James Brown doing "The Bells"? To get some idea of what a single from this era sounded like listen to both cuts by the Jewels included here—"Keep Your Feet on the Floor" is a jump blues *en toto*, while "Please Return" is a classic ballad.

The most memorable of the jump blues cuts on the album is "I Want Your Love" by the Mellow Drops, which sounds like it could be the flip-side of the new Rolling Stones single, "Honky Tonk Women"—it's gritty, low-down, out-and-out rock and roll street music: "C'mon baby rock and roll/I want you body and soul/Meet me in the alley Sally/Sally don't make me wait!!" A soft step to the ballads, with "Teardrop Eyes" by the Dukes, presenting their Harptones/Moonglows sound, and of course the brilliant "Red Sails in the Sunset" by the Five Keys, who have had a long string of hits over the years, lasting well into the Sixties. "Red Sails" is the earliest cut on the album (1952), and its success led to new versions of many old standards. I can still hear Little Richard's remake of "By The Light of the Silvery Moon" and Gene Vincent singing "That Old Gang of Mine." And as a topper, anything by the Spiders, who I don't think ever made a less-than-great record, must be well-received. "You Played the Part," included here, is a gem—previously un-issued.

This album delineates a distinctive sound that is pre-Motown, pre-Spector, pre-Stax, and the beauty of it is that the music never seems contrived or stylized or over-arranged; it just appeared and spread, as this disc demonstrates, from the West Coast to New Orleans (the Spiders were discovered at the Pelican Club there) to New York City. Henry Vestine and Bob Hite of Canned Heat deserve congratulations for getting this project started, and Volume II is eagerly awaited. Now how about

an album of all those further un-issued items by which we're tempted in the liner notes? We can only wait so long.

GARY VON TERSCH



Human Ball, the McCoys (Mercury SR-61207)

Teenage America exists! Lest any of you think that the era of total psychic democratization has finally set in, rest assured; adolescence in our nation still maintains its own unique identity. And although everybody buys the latest albums by the Beatles and the Stones, the golden positions those groups have secured on the Billboard charts lie right next door to spots locked up by people like Deep Purple and Iron Butterfly, who are popular as hell even though nobody will admit to listening to them. These bands may look like punks, they may be over-produced and not know what they're doing half the time, but they do have something to say. Not to see that is to misunderstand rock and roll. Plasticity is not necessarily bad. The war is in our minds, not in the music.

It's in this area of slick eclecticism that the McCoys work. Not coincidentally, the McCoys and other groups like them speak the gospel to a new generation of pubescent hip-dope-rockers. Why argue with them? If indeed they're not real, they're certainly no less real than Cream or Blood Sweat & Tears. They have followed; how many have not? Rock is for everyone. The time has come to drop all barriers.

Human Ball is not a great album or a significant one on any level, but it does contain some of the most pleasant, least pretentious studio rock to appear in the last few months. The question of how much credit for this album's listenability goes to producer Fred Lipsius and how much to the McCoys seems to me irrelevant. What counts is not whether some of the devices used are clichés, but how often they work. On this basis, I would say the McCoys are batting about .750. Most of the time they make it, as in the obvious yet understated preachings of "Only Human," a C&W ban-the-bomb-and-curb-the-pigs number that somehow skirts Eric Burdon obnoxiousness. When the McCoys do fall flat on their faces, as in "Clergy Lie," another protest number complete with melodramatic spoken sermon, you somehow find it bearable or charming—because after all they are just punks like you and me, not the Beatles laying down the acorn gospel.

The balance of the album, however, avoids this kind of pretension and settles for laying out several tasty courses of varied, substantial-if-standardized rock and roll. "All Over You" is an obscure and very funny Dylan tune that they sing pretty much as you would imagine the composer doing it. "Stormy Monday" and "Human Ball Blues" do the B. B. King thing with more success than most current white bands, and finally there is "Daybreak," a seven minute jazzrock tour-de-force which builds on Hendrix guitar riffs and some unusual, almost Cecil Taylorish piano work, until you think it's going to explode into something truly creative, only to find it trailing off for most of its playing time with a series of corny, highly derivative jazz riffs.

This review, by the way, is not an attempt at cultural snob condescension. If the McCoys deserve condescension for being artificial, then so do the Beatles, Blood Sweat & Tears, Al Kooper, and the rest of the herd of moribund "superstars" masquerading as geniuses and professionals. True creativity is so rare that we cannot afford to dismiss people like the McCoys just because they can't steal scuffling jazz musicians' riffs as slickly as BS&T. For all their flaws, the rock and roll tradition is alive in the music of the McCoys. LESTER BANGS

MUSICIANS' FREE CLASSIFIED

Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play with or something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad). Be sure to indicate city and state when your mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA

SINGER/ORGAN player needed for unspaced group. Larry—775-4376, SF.

SINGER looking for guitar, bass, drums & maybe piano or vibes for gig. Ability to vocalize won't hurt. Murray—931-9222 mornings, SF.

GROOVY SISTER, secretarial skills, book-keeping exp'd, looking for gig with band or rock group—626-7544 after 6 p.m., SF.

BASS & DRUMMER wanted for serious, professional rock group. We'll supply equip. if necessary—681-4117 or 664-6294, 4315 Lincoln Way, SF.

2 EXP. ROAD crew cats seek gig with major act. Can handle road management and equip. Hustling is our trip. We travel. Herbie—832-5059, 254-2864, Oak.

REAL FREAK guitarist, organist & drums needed anywhere in US. John—921-7067 or 797-3864, SF.

ROCK GROUP needs drummer for orig. thing. Will—366-2009 after 9 p.m. Redwood City.

LEAD GUITARIST & guitarist/composer/singer need working musicians, any bags, have originals & ideas. Gary—376-5394, Lafayette.

LEAD GUITARIST looking for group. 7 yrs. exp. with 2 well-known nat'l groups. Bill Garrick—233-8381, Richmond.

BASS PLAYER with good voice & varied musical interests needed to complete band. Work clubs & build orig. material. No freaks. Musician—PO Box 3101, Daly City 94015.

68 TWIN - REVERE, 67 Bandmaster, 69 Crybaby, all serviced, guaranteed perfect—647-8225, SF.

LES PAUL custom guitar. Left-handed, black, exc. cond. \$600. Larry Dunnagan—652-4212 after 5:30, Oakland.

LOS ANGELES AREA

AMPLIFIED CELLIST looking to rehearse or jam with soft rock/jazz band, elec. guitarist or keyboard. Sing harmony too—HO 5-7298, Hollywood.

MULTI-TALENTED girl & guy guitar/keyboards/vocalist/writers need exp'd., multi-inst. people; guitar/woodwinds, vocal ability a must. Steve—637-2408, Orange, Calif.

WANTED: LEAD & bass guitarist/elec. piano/organist. Orange County area. Orig. material. Harry—865-7181, Artesia.

SOFT JAZZ singer wants work. Group or featured soloist. Vera Parker—494-6249, 2787 So. Coast Hwy. E, Laguna Beach.

OTHER WEST COAST

BASS/SINGER & brass needed for blues, hardrock—AD 2-0250, Mercer Island, Wash.

RHYTHM GUITARIST looking for group to join or form. No pro. exp., will travel. David Mraz—890 Camino Pescadero No. 30, Goleta, Calif.

DEDICATED LEAD singer looking for melodic group. Good range & control, own equip., no hang-ups. John Paris—3370 Braemar Rd., Santa Barbara, Calif.

BEST HARP in northwest seeks blues band, will practice everyday, sing, and move too. Write for tape. John Ward—4161 NE Laddington, Portland, Ore.

NEW YORK AREA

RHYTHM GUITARIST/excellent singer & composer. I need a group and work. Larry—254-2961, NYC.

LEAD SINGER needs group. Into blues, blues-rock, 50's rock bag, but can hack anything. Edwin—533-8361 eves, NYC.

KEYBOARD MAN & bassist needed to complete group: 19-23. No ego trips. Joe—937-1040; Rick—MI 2-2451, NYC.

VOCALIST NEEDED: Marriot, Brooker, Winwood class. English & orig. material. Denver Ruggins—259-7193, 1-7 p.m., Brooklyn.

MALE LEAD vocalist, organist, & drummer wanted. Hard funk rock. Orig. material—793-4498, Eastchester.

BASS & ORGAN wanted. Rock/blues. Over 18 & good. Hank—478-6148, Ozone Park, Queens.

HEAVY BASS player wanted: hard rock, orig. material. We're ready to record. Serious, dig Led Zeppelin. Lydia—827-7791 after 7, Brooklyn.

WANTED: BASS & keyboard man with place to practice. Blues & some rock. Nickey—994-4236 or Larry—774-6894, Brooklyn.

GOOD SONGWRITER/FAIR singer looking for group—form or join. Dig Cream, Beatles, Rascals & Bee Gees. Johnny—348-3628 after 6, NYC.

BASSIST/SINGER seeks tight band in NYC/No. Jersey. Serious musicians willing to get it together. Dig everything. Bill Shannon, 838-3138, Butler, NJ.

BASSIST/LEAD guitarist needed by lead singer/guitarist/drummer. Over 18, draft-free & good. We are. Material defies classification. Eddie—448-8153, Staten Island, NY.

OTHER EAST COAST

KEYBOARD PLAYER & drummer needed for group doing orig. material. Must not be hung up with school, dope, the draft. Send tape, photo, details to Tom Laney—11 Surrey Rd, New Canaan, Conn.

MIKE KINTZLING—Under Milkwood wants you! Phil Draper—758-6467, Red Hook, NY.

DRUMMER AVAILABLE. In Phila. 5 yrs. exp., have equip. & will buy more. Like orig. material. Lee Rand—561-0943, 1939 Spring Garden Street, Phila., Pa. 19130.

BLUES GUITARIST looking for group. Craig—388-2407, 35th St. NW, Washington, D.C.

SINGER/WRITER/guitarist, 18, looking for group. Any bag. Will travel. Steve Brown—754-6462, 646 NE 114 St., N. Miami, Fla. 33161.

ELSEWHERE

FEMALE FLUTE player needs to find musicians in Paris, after Oct. 1. Lynda Mahoff—American Express, Paris, France.

PRECISION BASSIST/serious musicians with no super head hassles want to join/form group. All bags, some harp. Arthur Decker—449-0753, 3011 6th St., Boulder, Colo.

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Lewis MacAdams day
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check in the mail
Think Mexico
to flop down there
on the beach
Mexico City Blues
Dandelion
Thunderstorm
Yellow Dandy Blue
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rain Honk Honk
Rose Bath
bluebonnets
deep lake blue
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Eighteen year old
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it rain or interesting
flower concept
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your wine in the
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Martha?

—Henry Pritchett

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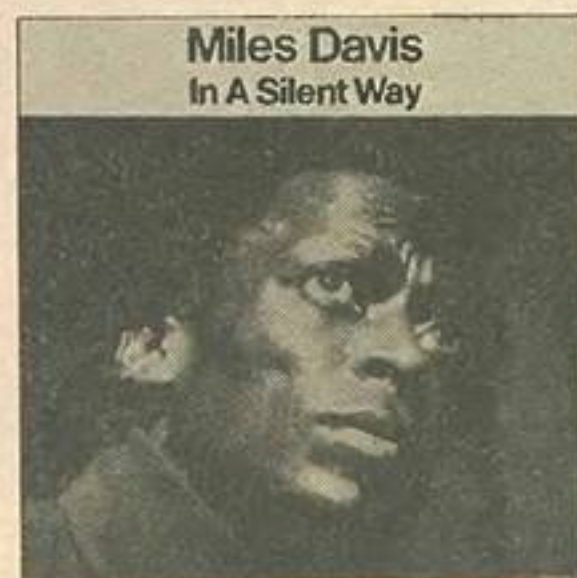
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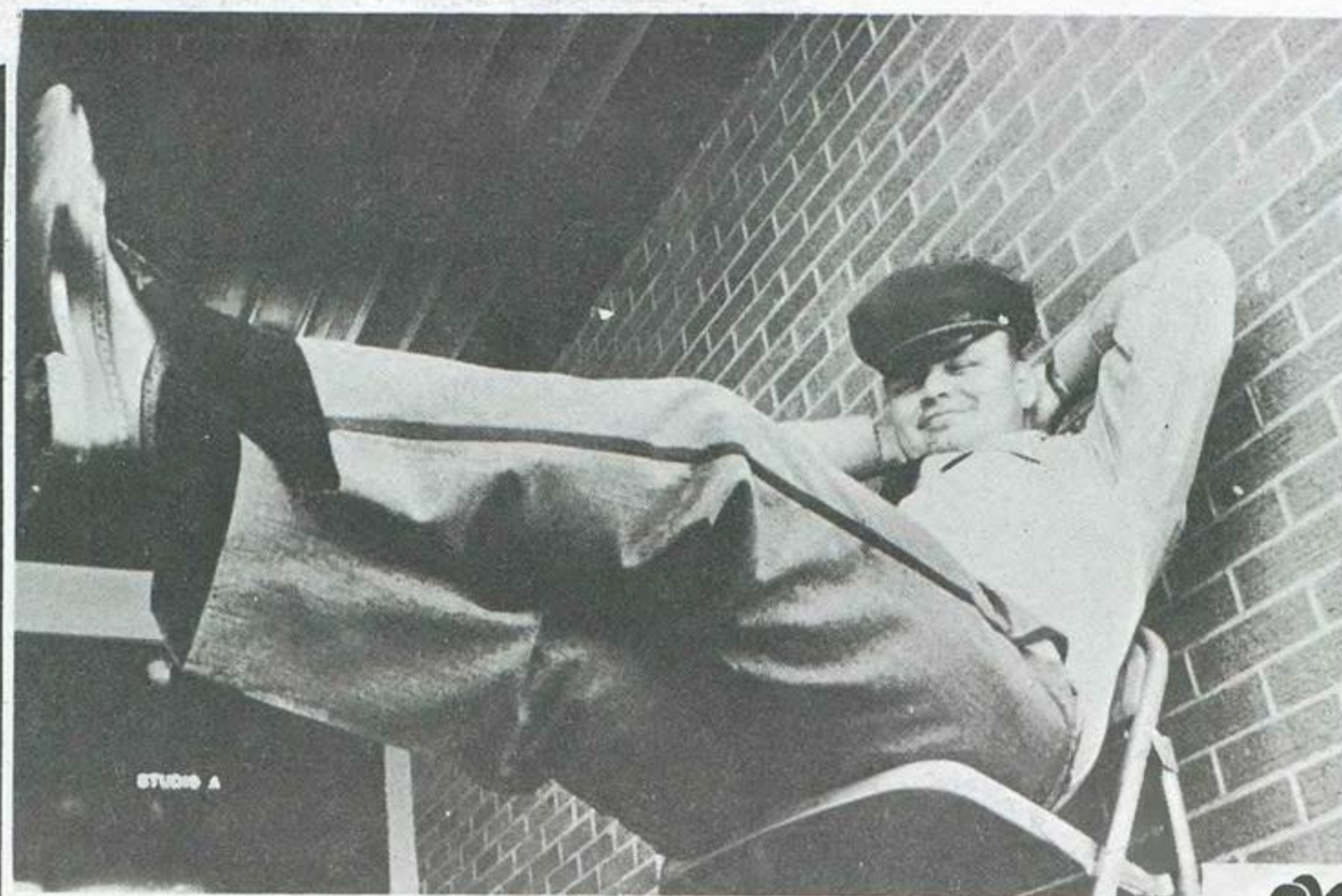
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Contrary to rumors, Moby Grape is still together. Perhaps more so than ever before.

And although their new album, "Truly Fine Citizen," is their fourth, in many, many respects it's a first.

We think the group will agree that this is their first cohesive album.

Produced in Nashville (a first) by Bob Johnston (another first), "Truly Fine Citizen" has the same unity and sense of purpose as Dylan's "Nashville Skyline."

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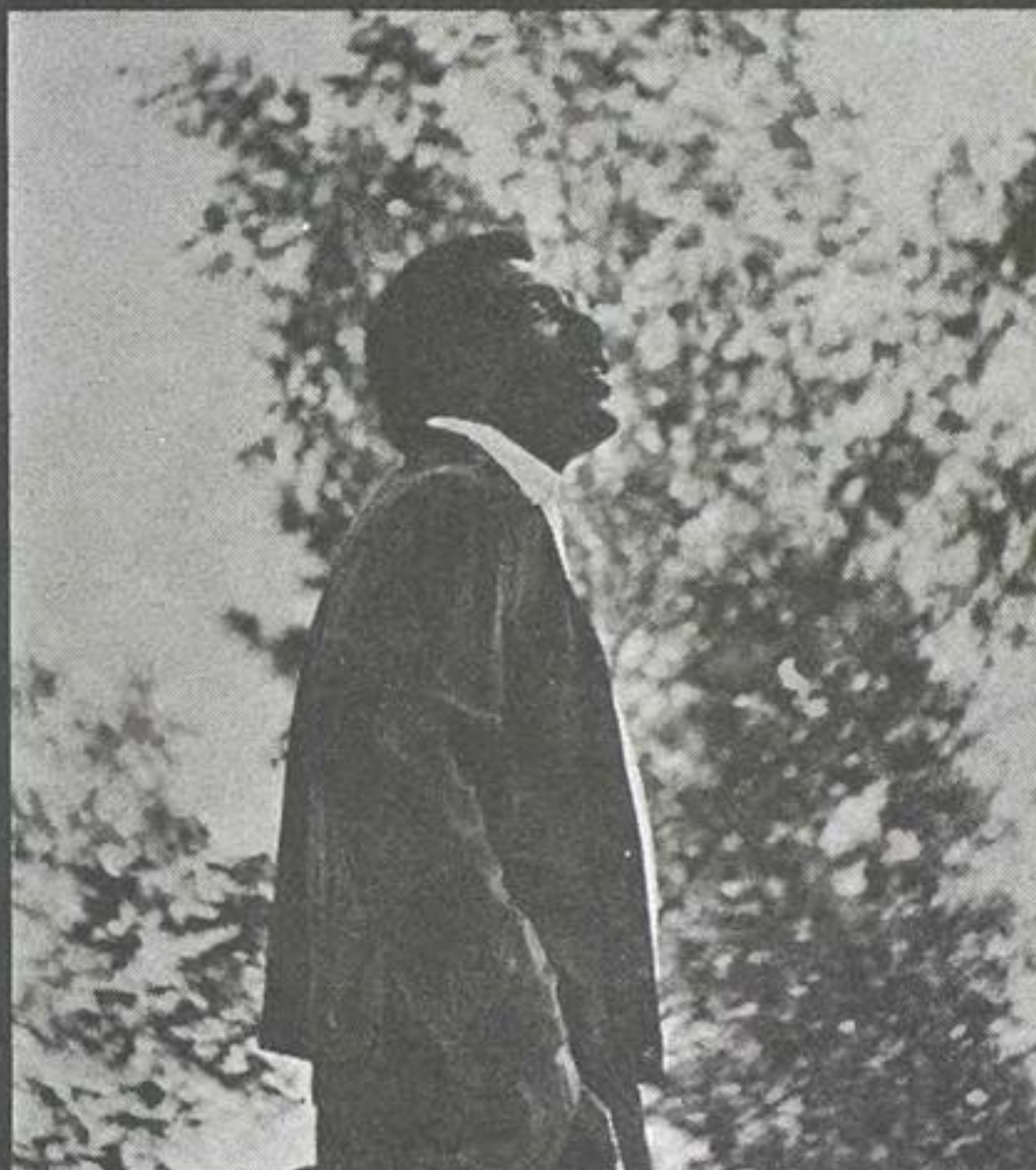
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